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VISITS

TO

EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES

BY

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

Deberi hoc a me tantis ingeniis putavi.
CICERO.

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PREFACE.

IN 1828, and again in 1836, I had the privilege of passing a few months on the continent of Europe and in Great Britain. In both visits, especially the latter, I was more interested to see *men* than *things;* and I not only made the acquaintance, so far as I could, of distinguished individuals as they came in my way, but sometimes made circuitous routes in order to secure to myself this gratification. It was my uniform custom, after every such interview, to take copious memoranda of the conversation, including an account of the individual's appearance and manners—in short, defining, as well as I could, the whole impression which his physical, intellectual, and moral

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man had made upon me. On my return from my second tour, I was requested by several persons, who were aware of the extent to which I had gone in recording these personal details, to compile from them a series of sketches to be submitted to the public eye; but while, for several reasons, I had no disposition to engage in such an enterprize, the decisive consideration against it was, that the individuals were then all living, and I had reason to believe there were some among them whose delicacy might be wounded by what they would regard as, at least, a premature publication. The consequence was, that my notes lay buried in my diary for more than fifteen years; nor would they have been exhumed at this time, if nearly all their subjects had not passed away.

A year or two since, my highly esteemed friend, Dr. Leyburn, one of the conductors of "The Presbyterian," requested me to contribute something in aid of his editorial labours; and

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I ventured to send him a series of articles, entitled "Eminent persons abroad," which appeared in nearly successive weeks, during the greater part of a year. As it has been intimated to me from different quarters, that there are those who would be glad to see these notices embodied in a small volume, I have consented to the suggestion, though not without some misgivings—partly on the ground that many of them are so exceedingly slight, and partly because I believe that a few of the subjects still survive. I have, however, gone carefully over them, omitting, correcting, and adding, so that I am willing to hope that they may be, at least, a little less unworthy of public notice than as they originally appeared in the newspaper. Several new subjects, also, have been introduced; and I cannot forbear to add that I have material in respect to several more, and those among my most cherished friends, which a merciful Providence yet forbids me to use. May each of them gather

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many new gems to his immortal crown, before death shall remove all restraint from the hand of gratitude and affection, that should undertake to portray their characters.

The subjects are arranged exactly in the order in which I saw them, except that I have noticed two or three in connexion with my last visit, of whom I had *some* knowledge during my first. The list of those whom I met in 1828, closes with Dr. M'Call—all that follow were the acquaintances of 1836. At the suggestion of the publishers, a fac-simile of the signature of each of the persons noticed has been introduced.

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I.

I WAS fortunate enough to see and hear EDWARD IRVING, a little before the dispensation of the tongues opened upon him. He was then the minister of the Caledonian chapel in London, and had a highly respectable congregation, though it was evident that his glory had begun to wane. The great number of the nobility that had thronged to hear him on his first going to London, had now fallen off; and though he was universally spoken of as a man of remarkable genius, it seemed to be almost as universally conceded that his genius was not a little obscured by his eccentricity; and there were not wanting those who, even then, ventured the opinion that a few years more would show him to be a madman. I was not a little curious to hear him for myself, and accordingly took advantage of one of the earliest opportunities after my arrival in London for doing so.

After a long walk on Sunday morning, I reached

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the place of worship in which he officiated; and as I was standing by the door, a gentleman, apparently noticing me as a stranger, came up, and told me to ask the sexton, as I entered the church, to show me to Mr. Irving's pew. He perceived that I hesitated, as if questioning his authority; but he assured me that I need not hesitate, as he was taking no liberty that did not belong to him. As I knew no other way of finding a seat, I sallied forth according to his direction, and quickly landed in Mr. Irving's pew. Mr. Irving was already in the pulpit, and was reading a psalm, of course from the old Scotch version. His appearance impressed me at once as most extraordinary; and my wonder, instead of being abated, rose to a higher and higher pitch till the close of the service. His face was, as the pictures represent it—rugged and dark, bearing the unequivocal marks of genius—generally of a severe and even fierce expression, but now and then lighted up for a moment with bright sunshine. His long hair hung gracefully and carelessly about his shoulders. His voice, on a low note, was bland and musical; but when he became highly excited, it was grating, almost to absolute torture. His prayers were uttered with great solemnity and even pathos, but they were scarcely suitable prayers to be offered by sinners. I could easily have imagined myself in a congregation, if not of angels, at least of those who had grown into perfect persons in Christ. His sermon was worthy, I had almost said, of a splendid

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maniac. There was now and then a passage in it that was not only perfectly intelligible, but perfectly magnificent; but the greater part of it was pervaded by an air of mysticism, which left me little else to do than gaze and wonder. His subject led him to speak of the constitution of the person of the Saviour; and, so far as I could understand him, I could not but be startled at his presumption. I had, of course, no idea of what a few months would bring forth; but the sermon which I heard from him left me in no doubt that he was on his way to some higher point of extravagance than he had yet reached; and when I heard of the tongues, I felt that that was only the legitimate result of the wonderful words which I had heard him utter, and the no less wonderful works (taking into view the writhings of his body and the contortions of his countenance,) which I had seen him perform.

I was so much impressed by his unique appearance, as well as the brilliancy and originality of many of his thoughts, that, as he went on with his discourse, I felt a constantly-growing desire to have an interview with him; but, as I had no introductory letter, I did not at first see any decent way of gratifying my curiosity. At length, however, it occurred to me that, as I was in Mr. Irving's pew under rather equivocal circumstances, and without an invitation from any of his family, it would seem no more than reasonable that I should apologize for having taken such a liberty. Accordingly, I determined

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that, when he came out of the pulpit, I would venture to approach him with this apology; but, to my disappointment, he descended the stairs rapidly, and immediately stepped back into his vestry, closing the door after him. Supposing that my case had now become hopeless, I was in the act of leaving the church, and had got half down the aisle, when I looked back, and saw that the door leading into the vestry was open, and several gentlemen were entering. I turned about and followed them; and after waiting till their conversation with Mr. Irving seemed to be over, I stepped up and introduced myself as a clergyman from America, and then told him under what circumstances I had that morning found my way to his pew. He assured me that no apology was necessary, and that any American minister was welcome not only to his pew but to his heart, even without the formality of an introduction. As I parted with him after a few moments, he invited me to call and see him, in the course of the week, at his house; but he said that his engagements were so pressing that he was obliged generally to deny himself to visitors, and that I must tell the servant at the door that I had called at his request—otherwise she would not give me admission.

Accordingly, in the course of that week I was favoured with a personal interview with him at his house. It turned out, as he had forewarned me, that the servant was not disposed to let me in; but when I told her that I had come at Mr. Irving's request,

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she immediately conducted me into his study. Mrs. Irving, who seemed an agreeable and highly-intelligent lady, was sitting with him, but she withdrew after a few minutes, and we were left alone together. He met me with so much kindness, that I had not the least feeling of being an intruder, notwithstanding what he had told me about his manifold engagements. He was familiar and affable in conversation, and seemed particularly interested to learn all he could about the religious state of our country. He inquired particularly how large a part of our whole population were accustomed to sit down to the Lord's table; and observed in the same connexion, that though it was the custom in the Scotch Church to invite all to the ordinance, not more than one third of his people came, and that none were admitted without previous examination, especially as to their knowledge to discern the Lord's body. He complained much of the deficiency in point of doctrine among Churchmen and Dissenters, English and Scotch, and expressed the opinion that while the Dissenters and Evangelical Episcopalians were the most spiritually-minded men, there were more able divines among the High Church. He was very inquisitive in regard to the tone of theological opinion in the United States. I thought I could see that he was feeling after something beyond the diference between Old and New-school, or between Calvinists and Arminians—that he was trying to find out whether there was anybody here who knew or

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cared anything about his hobby; though, for the life of me, I could not discover what his hobby was, from his conversation, any better than from his preaching. It seemed to me that, after he had got everything from me he could, he thought that, to say the least, we were in a poor way. After all, he seemed deeply and solemnly impressed with the great interests of religion. I could not doubt that there were the actings of a genuine faith, and of a truly humble and devout spirit, amidst some of the wildest religious demonstrations that I had ever witnessed.

After sitting with him perhaps an hour, I rose to come away, when he said to me, "Stop one moment, if you please," and then offered, in tones the most affectionate and melting, the following prayer: "Thou Saviour, who holdest the stars in thy right hand, take this, my brother, under thy special care; be thou his guide, his strength, his consolation, and his salvation. Let his preaching be accompanied by the power of God; and let those to whom he ministers be found among the saved. Do thou confirm his health; watch over him as he prosecutes his homeward journey; carry him safely to his friends and his flock; honour him with a long and useful ministry; and take to thyself all the glory." He then gave me his hand, and we parted. It was one of the most touching and patriarchal scenes with which I had ever anything to do.

Everybody knows that Edward Irving's singular

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character and history have given occasion to much speculation. There are not wanting those who believe that he was originally a mere actor, practising upon the credulity of the people, and that God, in judgment, gave him up to the delusion which he had thus courted. I heard just that opinion expressed concerning him by one of the most eminent divines of Scotland, now living—a man, too, who claimed to have had opportunities for extensive observation upon both his earlier and later developments. But such, I believe, is not the more common opinion. Certain it is, however, that his history is a most monitory one, and supplies the strongest arguments to all the ministers of Christ to cultivate perfect Christian simplicity.

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II.

I COULD not feel willing to pass even my first Sabbath in London without hearing the celebrated ROWLAND HILL; and a greater transition than there was from the splendid reveries of Irving, to whom I had listened in the morning, to the simple, colloquial, and yet majestic performance of Hill, whom I heard in the evening, it is not easy to imagine.

I set out, in what I supposed was good season, to find my way to Surrey Chapel; and after crossing Blackfriar's Bridge, and travelling a good distance beyond, I at length reached the place. It was an immense building, I think of an octagonal form, of a highly primitive and venerable appearance. As I passed into the vestibule, I found that the lower door opening into the audience-room was not only closed but fastened, so that I had little hope of gaining admission. I, however, immediately ascended a flight of stairs which led to the gallery, and was

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met at the door by one of the officials, who took me in charge, and, not without great difficulty, procured for me an excellent seat, almost immediately in front of the pulpit.

As I entered the house, the congregation were singing from a collection of hymns of which Rowland Hill was the compiler; and a part of the church service had previously been read by a young clergyman, who was still sitting in the desk, dressed in his canonicals. When the singing was nearly closed, Mr. Hill walked into the pulpit, in the full Episcopal habit, and with an air of majesty that I have rarely seen equalled, and never surpassed. He was a large, well-proportioned man, though somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a fine head and face, and an intelligent and bland expression; and when he sat down, I perceived that he breathed with difficulty, as if he were oppressed with the asthma, which I afterwards ascertained was really the case. At the close of the singing, he offered a short prayer, which was remarkable for its simplicity and originality; there was evidently a child-like spirit associated with a vigorous and comprehensive intellect. When he began to preach, his difficulty of respiration was so great that it seemed to me scarcely possible that he should get along with any comfort either to himself or his audience; but the difficulty became less as he proceeded, and it was not long before he had conquered it altogether. I had heard so much all my life of his eccentricity,

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that I was prepared to hear a sermon that, in some parts at least, would impose rather a heavy tax upon my gravity; but in this respect I was disappointed. With the exception of a single sentence, which made it a little difficult for me to command my risibles, there was nothing in the sermon which the most fastidious could have considered as of even questionable propriety. While there was not the semblance of elaboration about it, it contained a great amount of evangelical truth, in a form which need not have offended a cultivated taste, but which was yet perfectly level to the humblest capacity. He spoke with due deliberation, but never hesitated for a word, and seemed to have the right word al-always at command. His voice was clear, full, and commanding, his enunciation perfectly distinct, his attitudes simple and natural, his gestures always pertinent but not very abundant, and his whole appearance, bating his canonicals, such as might well have become a general at the head of an army. His discourse was very much of an experimental character, and showed a heart evidently glowing with the fervour of evangelical piety. He commanded the most fixed attention from an audience which, I suppose, must have consisted of between three and four thousand persons.

At the close of the service, I followed him into the vestry, and delivered to him an introductory letter from a clergyman in this country, who had made his acquaintance a few months before. To my sur-

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prise and mortification I found that he had no recollection of the person who had given me the letter; but he immediately relieved me from all embarrassment, by saying that he was very happy to see me—just as much so as if he had had a better memory. As I knew he was fatigued, I remained in the vestry but a few moments, though, before leaving him, I accepted an invitation to breakfast with him the next morning. I went accordingly, and spent an hour or two with him, much to my satisfaction. When he introduced me to Mrs. Hill, who seemed to be a fine, genial old lady, I could not but think of the anecdote of her having fallen asleep in church, under her husband's preaching, and his calling out to somebody to wake up that man, lest his snoring should wake up Mrs. Hill. It is said that he used to allude to her pretty often in his preaching, and sometimes in a way that she did not particularly relish.

I breakfasted with him once or twice afterwards, and always found him full of witticisms and anecdotes, though he never failed to exhibit more or less of evangelical unction. Both he and Matthew Wilks, who was, in some respects, very like him, were regarded as privileged characters, and were allowed to say things with impunity, which would have subjected almost anybody else to severe reprehension. For instance, one morning when I visited him, he came limping into the room, in consequence of a bad corn upon one of his feet; and he said, in

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a half-impatient, half-jocose manner, "I suppose you have n't anybody in America who wants to take a good, smart, aching corn. I would not care much if I could clap it on to some heretical parson's tongue." I soon found that he was a great friend to our country, and had the highest expectations of the part she is to bear in bringing about the moral renovation of the world. He said that he always took sides with us during our Revolution; that he felt that our cause was a righteous one, and never doubted that we should succeed. He expressed the highest admiration of President Edwards, and seemed to think he had rendered more important service to the cause of evangelical truth than almost any other man the world had seen; and added, that if he *must* have a pope, he should like just such a man! Speaking of kings, he said that he had no idea that they had any divine right to play the devil. When I remarked to him that I had been present, a few days before, at a large clerical meeting in London, where an hour or two was spent in drinking toasts, and that I had never witnessed the same thing at any meeting of clergymen in my own country, he replied, "It *is* a foolish practice; and I wish you would take it along with you, and bury it in the Atlantic before you get to America." One morning when I breakfasted with him, he was engaged to preach, at eleven o'clock, some fourteen miles from London; and a lady was to send her carriage for him at nine. But when nine o'clock

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came, no carriage had arrived, and I could see that he was becoming a little impatient. At length he exclaimed, with some degree of spirit, "Well, she may send the carriage or not as she pleases; but one thing I know, that if it does not come, I shall not go; for as for taking my poor old sick horse, I will do no such thing, for he has done much more for the cause of Christ than many of our bishops have." The carriage at length came, and he not only fulfilled his appointment for the morning, but preached nine miles from London on his return, at three o'clock in the afternoon; and *in* London, at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, in the evening. I attended the evening service, and found a thronged house, and the preacher seemed just as vigourous and fresh as if his faculties had not been tasked at all during the day. He told me that upon an average, he preached about seven times a week, besides having much of his time taken up with public engagements, though he had then reached the age of eighty-three, and had been in the ministry sixty-four years; and when I took my final leave of him, he said: "Remember me kindly to any of my friends you may meet in America, and tell them I have not quite done yet." Much of his conversation, while I was with him, turned upon the subject of civil and religious liberty. It was not long after the terrible struggle of the Greeks; and he seemed to want language in which to convey adequately his sympathy for them, or his abhorrence

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of the characters of their persecutors. He gave me a copy of his Village Dialogues, with a most characteristic inscription by his own hand.

I have never seen another man to whom Rowland Hill could, on the whole, be likened. He was the son of a baronet, and there was nobility impressed upon his whole appearance, and bearing, and character; and yet no man laboured more zealously than he for the improvement of the humbler classes. He had an exuberance of wit and fun, and yet it was evident that he lived almost constantly amidst the realities of the future. He was gentle, and mild, and winning, and yet, when occasion required, he could come down like a thunder-bolt, or an avalanche. He was one of the few original characters that appear in an age, and he performed a most important mission; but whoever should attempt to imitate him would be sure to come out a finished specimen of the absurd and ridiculous.

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III.

MATTHEW WILKS belonged to the same school of preachers with Rowland Hill; and yet there were some striking points of difference between them. They were unlike in their origin and education. Hill was of noble descent, and was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge; whereas Wilks was of an obscure family, and had the most common advantages for early culture. Hill's manners were the manners of the court—there was no society in which he could have been placed, so high, or so polished, but that his presence would have befitted and graced it; but Wilks was exceedingly plain, not to say coarse and clownish in his habits, and you might easily have mistaken him for a day-labourer in the street. Hill's mind was more highly cultivated, but Wilks' intellect was probably stronger—certainly he was more sagacious and far-seeing. They labored side by side—the one in Surrey Chapel, the other alternately in Tottenham

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Court Chapel and in the Tabernacle—for about half a century. Both were eminently blessed in their labours; both were highly gifted and eccentric men; both enjoyed, through a long life, an unsullied reputation; and the memories of both are still deeply embalmed in the affection and gratitude of housands.

As I had gone from Paris to London, I had taken with me a letter of introduction to Matthew Wilks from his son, the Rev. Mark Wilks, who has spent a considerable part of his life in France. I reached London on Saturday afternoon; and, as I found my lodgings were not very distant from Mr. Wilks' residence, I determined to call and deliver my letter to him before the Sabbath. In the course of the evening I found my way to his dwelling; but was told by the servant at the door that Mr. Wilks was not well, and besides, that he was not accustomed to see company except before ten in the morning. As I handed the letter to the servant, and mentioned that it was from Mr. Wilks of Paris, he asked me to stop until he had had time to deliver it; and in a moment he returned, and requested me to walk into Mr. Wilks' study. I found the old gentleman sitting at his ease, in an immense plaid gown, with an old-fashioned cap, and everything about his dress marking him as a piece of venerable antiquity. The reception which he gave me was in the highest degree cordial and affectionate. After inquiring about my health, which was

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then indifferent, and about his son at Paris, he began immediately to talk in quite an enthusiastic tone about my country; and remarked, among other things, that he had not a doubt that she was destined to be the mistress of the world. I think he told me that he was then eighty years old; but he had preached regularly every Sabbath until a few weeks before, when he was overtaken with a somewhat severe illness, from which he was at that time only beginning to recover. I saw him but once after this interview, and saw nothing in him then to vary the impression in respect to him, which I received at first. He seemed to me unpolished, but kind, shrewd, and deeply interested in everything that had a bearing on the interests of true religion.

I am satisfied, however, that I did not at all get to the bottom of his character. I should have judged that he was capable of being somewhat blunt and unceremonious; but I saw nothing to indicate that terrible power of sarcasm which constituted, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. I heard a number of anecdotes, said to be well authenticated, respecting him, which will, perhaps, give a better idea of one part of his character than I can convey in any other way. One or two of them, it must be acknowledged, seem hardly consistent with due reverence for the Word of God.

There was nothing for which he had a more cordial abhorrence than any exhibition of dandyism in young ministers; and nothing of this kind ever

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came in contact with him without meeting a rebuke. On one occasion, a young minister, of a good deal of pretension and parade, went from the country to London, and carried Mr. Wilks a letter, designed to procure for him an invitation to preach. "Well, young man," said Matthew, with a nasal twang that is perfectly indescribable, but which nobody who has heard it can ever forget, "Well, young man, you want to preach—you want to preach in London, don't you?" "I am going to pass a few days here, Sir, and if it should suit Mr. Wilks' convenience, I should be very happy to give his people a sermon, while I am here." "Well," replied Matthew, "you can preach—you can preach; come along next Wednesday morning to the Tabernacle, and I'll meet you there, and you can take my lecture for that morning." The young man agreed to do so, and was on the spot at the appointed hour. Matthew met him at the door, disgusted, as he had been before, with his dandy airs, and addressed him thus: "Go along into the pulpit, young man, and I shall sit below and look at you, and hear every word you say." The young preacher darted through the aisle into the pulpit, in a manner that seemed better to befit a ballroom than a place of worship. He performed the introductory service with an air of insufferable self-complacency, and in due time opened the Bible, and read his text, which was the last verse of the first chapter of the Gospel by John—"Hereafter ye shall

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see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." He had written his sermon, and committed it all to memory, as he supposed, to a word; but unfortunately had left his manuscript behind him. When he had read his text, he found it impossible to recall the first sentence. He hesitated and hemmed, and began thus—"You perceive, my brethren—you perceive—that the angels of God—are here represented—as ascending—and descending." He then set up a good stout cough, in the hope that his memory might get to work in the mean time; but the cough was as unproductive as it was artificial, and he could do nothing but go right over again with the absurd sentence with which he had started. He coughed again and again, but his memory was in too profound a slumber to be awakened by it. After three or four minutes, during which he was a spectacle to the congregation, and especially to Matthew, who was all the time watching and listening, according to his promise, he shut up his Bible in perfect consternation, and abruptly closed the service. Of course he came out of the pulpit with a very different air from that with which he entered it. But the worst was yet to come—he had to meet Matthew, and hear his scathing comments. "Well, well," said he, "young man, you've preached—you've preached in London—ha'nt you? *I've* heard you; I've heard every word you've said, and I've only one comment to make—if you

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had *as*cended as you *de*scended, then you might have *de*scended as you *as*cended." It is needless to say, that the young man was, by this time, cured of his ambition for preaching in the Tabernacle.

Another young minister, of a similar character, paid him a visit, and Matthew observed that he sported what he thought a very indecent number of watch-seals. He eyed them for some time, as if scrutinizing the material of which they were made, and then said, with a terribly sarcastic air—"It seems to me that you've a good many seals to your ministry, considering how young you are."

He was once preaching on some public occasion, when there were not less than fifty persons in the congregation taking notes of his sermon. At length he stopped suddenly for a minute, and the stenographers having nothing to do, all looked up, and were gazing at him with astonishment. "Behold," said he, "how I've confounded the scribes!"

On one occasion, as he was on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower, near the place called Billingsgate, where there was a large number of women dealing in fish, who were using the most vulgar and profane language. As he had stopped under a shed in the midst of them, he felt himself called upon at least to leave with them his testimony against their wickedness. "Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "don't you think that I shall appear as a swift witness against you at the judg-

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ment?" "I presume so," said one, "for the greatest rogues always turn State's evidence!" Matthew, when he got to the meeting of ministers, related the incident. "And what did you say, Mr. Wilks, in reply?" asked one of the ministers present. "What *could* I?" was the characteristic answer.

It may seem strange that with so much of eccentricity, operating, too, sometimes in a way that seemed actually irreverent, he should still have been one of the most useful ministers of his day. But that such was the case, admits of no question. His preaching, though abounding with anecdote, and never rising above the most colloquial style, and often producing something much above a smile on the countenances of his audience, was, nevertheless, strongly evangelical, and admirably fitted to reach the conscience. He was also one of the most benevolent of men. Numerous anecdotes are related of him, that show how literally he imitated his Master's example in going about doing good. Few ministers, it is believed, have, at any period, been instrumental of the salvation of so many souls, or contributed so much to further the cause of evangelical truth and piety.

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IV.

THERE was scarcely any book whose title-page at least was more familiar to me, from my earliest childhood, than BURDER'S VILLAGE SERMONS; and there were few people in London whom I was more desirous of seeing, than the venerable author of it. It happened, very fortunately for me, that I had a letter of introduction to his son, the Rev. Dr. Henry Forster Burder; and, as he was ready to oblige me in everything, so he seemed more than willing to procure for me the gratification of seeing his excellent father. Accordingly, he made an engagement with the old gentleman, who then resided with another son—an eminent physician, in London—that we would take tea with him on a particular evening; and then it was that I had one of the only two interviews with him with which I was favoured.

He was at that time seventy-six years of age. He had lost entirely the sight of one eye, and the

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other was so materially affected that he seemed to think it more than possible that he might close his life in total blindness. His countenance was expressive at once of mildness and decision; and his manners were as gentle, and his spirit apparently as meek, as I should have expected to find in "the disciple whom Jesus loved." He told me that he was a native of London, as was his father and his grandfather before him; that in the early part of his ministry he was settled at Coventry, but for the twenty-six years then just past, he had been pastor of the church in Fetter Lane, of which his father was long a deacon, and in which he was himself baptized. Notwithstanding his infirmities, he was still able to share equally with his colleague the services of the Sabbath; and I think I had it upon good authority, that his discourses were at that time as vigourous in thought and as rich in unction as ever. He talked with much interest of many of his excellent cotemporaries in the ministry who had passed away; but of no one did he speak with more marked respect and affection than of the celebrated William Romaine, who was for a long time one of the brightest lights in the evangelical portion of the established church. This venerable man, he said, used to keep a list of those clergymen of the establishment, in and about London, and I believe throughout England, who sympathized with him in his views of Christian truth and duty, and to have it before him in his private devotions; and that

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he lived to see the number increased from three or four to three or four hundred. One of the number, when it was the smallest, was a Mr. Jones, of whom Mr. Burder told me this anecdote—Mr. Jones had a college classmate, who entered the ministry at the same time with himself, but was a mere man of the world, and knew little, and cared nothing, about the true Gospel. This man conversing one day with Mr. Jones, said to him half-jocosely, half-seriously, "Why is it that you are so popular as a preacher, and so few come to hear me, when everybody knows that at the university I was considered greatly your superior?" "Why," said Mr. Jones, "the reason is that I preach the Gospel." "The Gospel," said the other, "so do I; almost every text I preach upon is from Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John." Said Mr. Jones, "You may do that, and yet never preach Jesus Christ." "Well," said the other, "lend me one of your sermons, and see what effect it will have." He actually did lend him one, and he preached it as he had engaged to do; and as he was coming out of the church at the close of the service, he was accosted by a man who, in listening to the borrowed discourse, had been thrown into a state of deep anxiety in respect to his salvation. Says the minister, somewhat confused by the strange result of his preaching, "Wait, wait; say nothing about it till the people have all gone out." After the congregation had retired, the anxious inquirer began further to ex-

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plain himself, when the clergyman interrupted him by saying—"But what is the matter with you? I see no occasion for your making yourself unhappy." "Matter," replied he; "why your preaching has made me feel like a condemned criminal, and I fear there is no mercy for me." "Well, really," said the minister, "I am very sorry that I have wounded your feelings—I had no intention of doing it; but since you have got into this uncomfortable state, I advise you to go and see Mr. Jones."

I had another interview with Mr. Burder after this, in which he showed me several curious manuscripts, among which were a number of sermons of the Henrys (Philip and Matthew), and a few lines written by Richard Baxter in a Bible which I think once belonged to a pulpit in which he was accustomed to preach. Mr. Burder had, for many years, in connexion with his pastoral engagements, held the office, and faithfully discharged the duties, of Secretary to the London Missionary Society; and it was probably in this latter capacity that he rendered his most important services to the church. Though, on account of his bodily infirmities, his connexion with the Society had ceased some time before I saw him, it was manifest that his interest in the missionary cause was as intense as ever. While he was himself a Congregationalist, and was, I believe, strongly attached to Congregational principles and usages, he embraced in his Christian regards and sympathies all, of whatever name, in whom

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he recognized the image of Christ. From that time he declined gradually, and within, I think, two or three years, he was gently released from the sufferings of earth, to enter into his final rest. I congratulate myself to this day that my first visit to England was in time to see the author of the "Village Sermons."

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V.

THOUGH I am not sure that even the name of WILLIAM ORME was known to me previous to my going to London, I found that he was one of the most distinguished of the Dissenting ministers of the metropolis, and exerted a wide influence not only as a preacher but as an author, and especially as the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society. My first meeting with him was at the setting apart (or as we should say—the installation) of the Rev. Henry Townley, as pastor of the church in White Row; on which occasion Mr. Orme performed a very interesting part of the service. He saved me the trouble of seeking an introduction to him, by coming directly to me, as soon as he knew that I was in the house; and he invited me at once, with great cordiality, to pass some time with his family before I should leave the country. I accepted his kind invitation, and the time for my visit was fixed upon, which was to include a Sabbath.

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Mr. Orme resided at Camberwell, and at the appointed time I found my way to his residence. I met at dinner, on the day of my arrival, Mr. Favell, a most respectable member of the corporation of the city of London, who, I was informed, had it not been for his being a vigorous Dissenter, would probably, before that time, have been chosen Lord Mayor. He was an unassuming, highly intelligent man, and withal was an active member and deacon of Mr. Orme's church. He had much to say of the Revolution that terminated in American independence, and unhesitatingly pronounced our cause, during that conflict, a righteous one. And then he added that, though the war of 1812 was unpopular in Great Britain, it had at least served to convince the British that the Americans could measure swords with them; and that it had actually done much to lower the tone of British vaunting in respect to their national superiority.

I passed the Sabbath with Mr. Orme, and had the pleasure of hearing him preach one part of the day. His sermon was on the text, "Every man shall bear his own burden." I cannot say that it was a particularly striking performance, and yet it was full of weighty thoughts well arranged, and was delivered with a distinct voice, with a good degree of animation, and with great simplicity. It was his custom not to write his sermons at length, but, after the manner of the English Dissenters generally, at that time, to get a train of thoughts fixed in

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his mind, and then trust to the moment for the language. His occasional sermons, however, he was accustomed to write, though, I believe, some that were printed were not written till after the delivery. But he used his pen abundantly in other fields of labour, as is proved by the various important works which he sent forth during his ministry.

In private, he was at once most agreeable and instructive. His mind seemed deeply exercised in regard to the political as well as religious state of Great Britain; and though he did not anticipate anything like a revolution at an early period, he thought the tendency of things was manifestly in that direction. His heart was, as might be expected, fully in the missionary cause, and indeed his official labours, in that department, occupied no small portion of his time. But he had evidently great executive power; and was well fitted to be the master mind in any grand operation. His countenance bespoke great strength of character, perhaps some degree of sternness; but he had great kindness and tenderness of feeling. He related to me particularly some of the struggles of his early life, and especially the overwhelming affliction which he met in the death of his wife, within seven months after their marriage; and his emotions were too strong to be repressed. He left me with the impression that he was adequate to any emergency that required courage and decision, while yet he had

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only to let nature have its own way, to "weep with them that weep."

Mr. Orme was a Scotchman by birth and education, and if I remember right, was born in the year 1787; so that, when I saw him, he must have been about forty-one years of age. He evinced strong intellectual tastes at an early period, but in consequence of adverse circumstances, particularly the death of his father, he was unable to indulge them, and was compelled to engage in active business. His mind first took a decided religious direction under the preaching of the Rev. James Haldane, of Edinburgh, where Orme's family then resided. He became at this time a teacher in a Sabbath-school, and his occasional addresses to the children were so pertinent, and often so striking, that the Christians with whom he was associated began to urge him to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. It was of all things what he desired the most; and, accordingly, when he was in his nineteenth year, he commenced a course of preparatory studies in an institution sustained by Robert Haldane, for the special benefit of the Scottish Independent churches. After remaining here but a single year, he entered on the duties of the ministry; and his first settlement, which took place in the year 1807, was at Perth. Having laboured here more than seventeen years, during which he had a varied, and, in some respects, peculiar experience, he went to London, where he continued during

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the residue of his life. His death, which took place about two years after I saw him, was a fine illustration of the power of Christian principle, and a fitting close of an eminently honoured and useful life.

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VI

IT was not till I was on the eve of leaving London, that I ascertained that the residence of this great statesman and philanthropist was only about ten miles distant; and it took me but a moment to decide that I would not leave the neighbourhood without doing my utmost to obtain an interview with him. Accordingly, having procured from one of his friends a letter of introduction to him, I left London early one morning, with my friend Mr. Joshua Wilson, (whose kindness towards me was unintermitted, and indeed has never ceased to this day,) to secure, if possible, the desired gratification. After riding more than an hour through a delightful and highly-cultivated region, we reached Highwood, where Mr. WILBERFORCE then had his residence. His dwelling was a large stone building, situated on a delightful eminence, overlooking a fine valley beneath; and everything around it, though perfectly simple showed exquisite taste and the very

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perfection of culture. The place seemed to me quite in keeping with the character of its illustrious occupant.

On delivering the letter to the servant at the door, we were conducted through the drawing-room, where some members of the family and others were sitting, into the library, where we were requested to stop a short time until Mr. Wilberforce should be ready to receive us. With the leave of the librarian who was present, we amused ourselves by looking into some of the books, and observing the notes which Mr. Wilberforce had made with his pen or pencil in reading them. This was particularly true of a volume of Robert Hall, of whom he remarked that he did not believe there was a man living who possessed finer talents. The greater part of the books were theological—the productions chiefly of standard English writers; and not a few of them had been presented by the authors themselves. After we had waited nearly half an hour, Mr. Wilberforce entered the room, and being very near-sighted, he took his glass, which was suspended from his neck, and looking me in the face, asked if I was the gentleman from America; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he gave me his hand in the most affectionate manner, and welcomed me to the country and to his house. He immediately said—"You have made your arrangements, I hope, to spend the day with me?" and when I told him that I had engaged to dine in town, he added—

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"Then you will come and pass some other day with me before you leave the neighbourhood." I told him *that* would be impossible, as my arrangements for leaving in a day or two were definitely made, and it would be very inconvenient for me then to change them. He expressed great astonishment that I should go so soon, and went into quite an argument with me to induce me to change my purpose.

Mr. Wilberforce's personal appearance was altogether peculiar. He was small in stature, extremely rapid in his movements, very near-sighted, and crooked almost to deformity. I can hardly say what his countenance would have been in a state of repose, for I think I had no opportunity of seeing it in that state; but in conversation it seemed perfectly radiant with intelligence and benignity. He soon took us to the window and pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery, in which nature and art seemed both to have done their utmost. He then directed our attention to a likeness of William Pitt, his intimate friend, and observed that it was the only good likeness of him in existence; and then added a remark or two which led me to suppose that his least pleasant recollections of Pitt had respect to his treatment of religion. By this time he rose suddenly from his chair and said—"Well, I am wronging my family in the other room by monopolizing your company;" and immediately took us into the drawing-room, where we

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were introduced to his son and daughter, and the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, then a distinguished Episcopal minister in London. He said he was particularly desirous to make me acquainted with his son; that, if I should visit England again, though he should not himself probably be here to welcome me, his son *might* be, and he knew that he would be happy to do anything for me in his power. As we were sitting in the drawing-room, my attention was attracted to the most splendid set of china that I ever saw; and Mr. Wilberforce perceiving it, took up some of the articles, and pointed out to us their peculiar beauties; observing at the same time that it was of foreign manufacture. When I inquired more particularly from what country it came, he replied very modestly—"Why, to tell the truth, it is a present to me from the king of Prussia."

After stopping perhaps half an hour with his family in the drawing-room, he asked us to pass on with him into his more retired apartment, where he was accustomed to spend the greater part of his time. Here he had another part of his library, and particularly his periodical publications, which seemed almost innumerable. Among them was our Missionary Herald, of which he spoke in terms of high praise. He remarked that we had a very clever man in our country, by the name of ———, who had formerly written some things in which he was deeply interested; but that he had subsequently published a book which attacked England with great

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violence—fortunately, however, he said, that it was so large a book, and so closely printed, and the English withal were so much inclined to take their ease, that it never got into circulation among them, and therefore never did any hurt. He spoke with great reprobation of the mutually vituperative spirit which had, to some extent, existed in both countries; and expressed the opinion that Adam Hodgson's travels in America had done more to promote friendly relations between the two countries than perhaps any other publication. Mr. Hodgson was his intimate friend, and he kindly offered me an introductory note to him, which I thankfully accepted. When I remarked to him that his health seemed more vigorous than I had expected, he said he had great reason to be thankful that he had such a measure of health; for his life had been little else than a struggle with disease and debility; and Dr. Warren, one of the most eminent physicians in London, had told him, more than forty years before, that he had not stamina enough to last a fortnight. He mentioned several of our American divines in terms of very high respect; particularly Dr. Mason, with whom he had some acquaintance, and Dr. Dwight, whose writings seemed to be familiar to him. I was glad to be able to tell him that his regard for Dr. Dwight was most fully reciprocated, as I had more than once heard the Doctor mention him with most affectionate respect in his lectures to his pupils. He presented

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me with a copy of his "Practical View," splendidly bound, and containing a very kind inscription with his own hand; and, as he gave it to me, he remarked that it was a book which he wrote many years before—soon after it pleased God to open his eyes, and bring him to a knowledge of the truth; that he had great reason to be thankful that it had been in some degree useful; that soon after it was published he sent a copy of it to Burke, who, in acknowledging it, said that he approved it most cordially. In reply to a question that I put to him concerning Burke's religious character, he said that though he had reason to fear that he was not a decidedly pious man, yet he was undoubtedly one of the best of the class to which he belonged. After spending the morning with him, we took our leave; and I can truly say that I never parted with a human being with my mind more filled with grateful and reverential recollections. I had a long letter from him after my return home, which I treasure as a precious memorial of one of the noblest spirits of his own or any other age.

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VII.

William Jay

I HAD heard much of Mr. JAY from my early childhood; and his sermons were among the first that I ever read. Of course, when I crossed the ocean, I had a great interest in seeing him; and I made it in my way to stop a day or two in Bath, in order to procure for myself this gratification. As I had letters of introduction to him from two of his particular friends in London, he gave me not only a courteous but very cordial reception; and the impressions which I had received concerning him were fully justified by his fine person, his bland and engaging manner, and the agreeable and elevated tone of his conversation.

I should think him rather below than above the middle size; and in his countenance there was so much of both intelligence and benignity, that it was difficult to say which had the preponderance. He was very sociable, and yet his mode of talking was quiet and gentle, and as far removed as pos-

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sible from any thing like pretension. As I talked with him, I found that the celebrated preacher was gradually giving place to the kind and obliging friend; and I had scarcely spent half an hour in his company, before every idea of the stranger was gone, and I felt a degree of freedom—certainly not unmingled with reverence—which might very well have been the growth of years. He gave me a very touching account of his children, part of which was, that he had one *with* Christ, three *in* Christ, and two *near* Christ. I was not a little interested in hearing him express his opinion concerning various distinguished personages, with whom he had been more or less familiar. I found that he had a great admiration of Rowland Hill, and regarded him as having been of one the brightest lights of his generation; and I happened to know, I think from Rowland Hill himself, that the regard was fully reciprocated. Somebody told me an amusing anecdote about Mr. Jay's writing a letter to Mr. Hill in his characteristic blind hand, which Mr. Hill found it hard to decypher. His reply was, that he had received a letter that seemed to bear his (Mr. Jay's) signature, and if it meant so and so, so and so would be his reply, but, if it was something else, his answer would be modified accordingly; but he concluded by advising him, whenever he had occasion to write to him again, to use a gentleman's hand, and not a *Jay's* claw. Mr. Jay had long been on intimate terms with Wilberforce and Hannah

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More, and he expressed an unbounded reverence for both of them; though he regretted to have heard some facts which led him to suppose that the latter had become more stringent in her denominational peculiarities in latter years. He spoke with deep regret of the utter disregard of all religion ·vinced at that time by not a few of the clergy of the Established Church; though there were many others for whom he entertained the profoundest respect, as evangelical, excellent men. He mentioned that even the celebrated Dr. Parr did not at all scruple at an irreverent use of the name of the Supreme Being; and that, on one occasion, when he was dining with a lady of a serious character, and was conversing on some subject that required him occasionally to speak Greek, the lady reproved him by saying, "Doctor, I wish, for the sake of my servants, that you would talk English, and swear in Greek."

Mr. Jay, it is well known, was indebted, in a great measure, for his training, to the Rev. Mr. Winter, whose life and character he has so graphically sketched. He talked a great deal about him, and in a manner that betokened the utmost reverence, gratitude, and affection. John Newton, too, he was well acquainted with; and he did not hesitate to say, that Newton and Winter were the two holiest men he had ever met with.

I found that he was a mortal enemy to preaching or hearing three sermons on the Sabbath. "The third," he said, "*batters* the mind rather than *im-*

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presses it." He mentioned that when he was in Scotland, some time before, Dr. Chalmers remarked to him, that very few ministers, who were likely to be of much use to the world, were allowed to die a natural death; that they were killed by the godly; that they would go and stroke their heads, and talk to them about the loud demand in Providence for ministerial labour; and in that way the devil got rid of them often some twenty or thirty years sooner than he would have done otherwise.

I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Jay preach, but not in his own chapel. It so happened that he was engaged to preach at Bristol the same Sabbath that I was to spend there; and, indeed, I had the pleasure of making the short journey from Bath to Bristol in his company. He went there to supply the pulpit of a clergyman who was absent; if I mistake not, it was the celebrated William Thorpe. Though Mr. Jay had lived so long quite in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and, of course, must have been often heard there, I noticed that everybody seemed glad of an opportunity of hearing him; and as the house was crowded, I suspected he was a good deal of an attraction. His manner in the pulpit was a beautiful compound of simplicity, dignity and grace. His fine, open, beaming face; his melodious voice and perfectly distinct articulation; his gesture, as unstudied as his breathing; his elevated and yet familiar and affectionate style of address, I confess, gave him an advantage over most of the

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excellent speakers whom I have heard on either side of the water. Those who have heard the late Dr. Abbot, of Beverly, preach, have witnessed the nearest approach to Jay's manner that has ever come under my observation. It is needless for me to describe the sermon I heard from him, as everybody knows his peculiar style; and besides, the outline of the sermon, I observe, constitutes one of his "Morning Exercises." What evidently formed one chief element of his power, was the perfect congruity that existed between his matter and manner. It seemed to me that every sentence was uttered in a way to secure to it the highest possible effect. His prayers, though as simple as the language of childhood, were yet so rich in evangelical thought, and withal so beautiful and faultless in expression, that it was difficult for me to believe that they had not been elaborated with devout care. I have heard men preach who gave me a higher idea of *force* of intellect than Mr. Jay; but in the class of preachers to which he belonged, I believe it is generally acknowledged that he was without a rival.

Probably no clergyman, on either side of the water, enjoyed, during the same period, a higher degree of popularity than William Jay. His remarkable attractions were acknowledged *in* the Established Church as well as *out of* it; and his works, which are based on the broadest principles of evangelical catholicism, seem to have met an equally cordial welcome among Christians of every communion.

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VIII.

Robert Hall

AND

J. Foster.

THERE was a good deal in the way of intellectual and literary distinction in Bristol and its neighbourhood, to render a visit there desirable to me; but the chief attraction, I must acknowledge, was ROBERT HALL. My attention was first directed to his works, when I was in college, by hearing Dr. Dwight say, that his sermons on Infidelity were the brightest gem in the literature of the English pulpit; and such had always been my admiration of him, that I took good care that none of the productions of his pen should escape me. And when I found myself within about a hundred and twenty miles of him, (for that is the distance from London to Bath,) I resolved that it should not be for the want of the requisite pains, if I should leave England without seeing and hearing him.

I reached Bristol some time on Saturday, and the most important point which I had to settle on my

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arrival was, whether Mr. Hall was in town, and would preach the next day. I had two introductory letters to him—one from Rowland Hill, and one from an intimate friend of his in London, to whom I knew he was under great obligations; so that I felt tolerably strong in calling, as I did, Saturday night, to pay my respects to him; and yet, had I known as much before as I did afterwards, of his extreme aversion to seeing company, I scarcely think I should have had the courage to seek an introduction to him. He received me courteously, but told me that he was suffering extreme pain, as, indeed, he had been during the greater part of his life. He was rather shabbily dressed; but with such a commanding person and countenance as he had, he could well afford to be; for it must have been a singular eye that would have been detained by his dress, let it have been what it might. His face has been made so familiar to everybody by numerous engraved likenesses, that it would be needless to attempt to describe it; and yet the most perfect portrait of him that I have seen, is not so perfect but that the original, as it has always lain in my memory, casts it into the shade. Having ascertained that he would preach the next morning, I took my leave of him, promising, however, to see him again at his house, early in the week.

I went the next morning to Broadmead Chapel, to hear him preach. It was, by no means, a large building; nor was the congregation, in point of

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numbers, anything like what I had expected; though I understood it was select, and had in it an unusual proportion of intelligent men. One of the tutors in the Baptist Theological Academy at Bristol, performed the introductory services, and it was not till they were singing the second time, that Mr. Hall walked into the pulpit. His gait was slow and majestic; and if I had known nothing of him before, I should have needed nobody to assure me that he was some extraordinary personage. He rose and announced his text in the most unpretending manner that can be imagined, and in so low a tone that I found it difficult to understand him. For several minutes there was no material improvement in his style of elocution—he kept pulling the leaves of his Bible, as if he were a book-binder, engaged in taking a book to pieces; and his eyes were steadfastly fixed in one direction, as if his whole audience were gathered into one corner of the room. I said to myself—"If this is Robert Hall in England, I greatly prefer to meet him as I can in America; for I had rather read his writings, than merely hear his unintelligible whispers." Presently, however, the scene began to change; and his voice, though still low, became distinctly audible. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes, he said nothing which would have led me to inquire who he was, if I had not known; for the last twenty-five or thirty, it seemed to me that he said scarcely anything that could have been said by another man. It was like an

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impetuous mountain torrent in a still night. There was not the semblance of parade—nothing that betrayed the least thought of being eloquent, but there was a power of thought, a grace and beauty, and yet force, of expression, a facility of commanding the best language, without apparently thinking of the language at all, combined with a countenance all glowing from the fire within, which constituted a fascination that was to me perfectly irresistible. As he advanced to the close of his discourse, the effect upon my nervous system was like the discharge of artillery; and though I was completely rapt with wonder and admiration, I was not sorry when he said—"Let us pray." I shall, perhaps, be less suspected of extravagance in this statement, when I say that Robert Hall's own people regarded this as an extraordinary performance; and one of his intelligent hearers told me that I might have heard him for years, and not have chanced to hear so fine a sermon.

At the close of the service, observing that Mr. Hall passed into the vestry from which I had seen him come, I ventured, after a moment, to step in and pay my respects to him; and I found him stretched out upon two or three chairs, with his pipe already in his mouth; and I was assured that he always smoked up to the last moment before going into the pulpit. He introduced me to several of his friends, and especially to a Dr. Stock, who was just at that time a good deal talked about for

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his having recently renounced Unitarianism. He requested me to come and see him the next day, and said he should beg me to go home with him then, but that he was so much exhausted after preaching, as to be unfit for any conversation.

When I called upon him after dinner, on Monday, I found him lying down upon chairs, and literally writhing in agony. After a few minutes, he called to his wife for his accustomed opiate, laudanum, and took three hundred drops, and after a short time, poured out as much more, and drank it as if it had been water. I found that he had made arrangements to take me to the house of a friend to pass the evening, where there was to be a small party, and among them the celebrated John Foster. This was to me an evening of great interest. Foster was there, and he and Hall bore the chief part in the conversation, each rendering the other more brilliant. Foster expressed to me the opinion that Hall was unquestionably the greatest preacher in the world; and Hall told me that Foster was the best model of an ancient philosopher now extant. Foster was a tall, stately, and somewhat rough-looking man, given to saying weighty, and sometimes witty things; and though he was, on the whole, a remarkably fine talker, he was certainly greatly inferior both in fluency and in brilliancy to Hall. A little circumstance was related to me, as having occurred a short time before, that was strikingly illustrative of Foster's disregard of

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his personal appearance. As he was going to dine with a friend who lived about a mile and a half from his residence, with an intention of passing the night with him, he took along with him his night-clothes. As they hung out a little from his pocket, a person met him in the field, and said, "Well, I've got you at last." Foster, not understanding the strange salutation, asked the fellow what he meant. "You need not make strange of it," was the reply, "for I know you; you are a thief." "But what have I stolen?" "You shall know what you have stolen—you shall go directly with me to a magistrate." "I am Mr. Foster, of Stapleton." "You are not Mr. Foster, for he is a gentleman, and you are not." "Well," says Foster, "if you are determined to carry me to a magistrate, I must go with you, of course; but suppose you go with me to Mrs. C.'s, and see what they say about me." To this the fellow consented; and when the servant came to the gate, Mr. Foster asked him to tell that man who he was. When the servant said "Mr. Foster," the poor fellow who was taking him into custody instantly fell upon his knees, and begged a thousand pardons. Mr. Foster did not mention the affair to the company immediately on going into the house, but he was observed frequently to smile and bite his lips during the dinner, which finally led to an explanation.

Among other subjects that came up in the course of the evening was that of Lexicography. Hall had

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no patience with the modern taste for multiplying words beyond what he thought the progress of civilization required; and he maintained that the object of a dictionary should be to ascertain and fix the legitimate meaning of words, rather than, by needlessly introducing new ones, to keep the language in a state of constant fluctuation. He went into a somewhat lengthened argument, showing the utmost familiarity with philological subjects, as well as the most exact and cultivated taste; and the splendour of his diction, even while he was talking about the philosophy of language, was equalled only by the rapidity of his utterance. During nearly the whole evening, he was lying in his favorite posture, stretched upon two or three chairs, and, every now and then, refreshing us with the fumes of the weed. Before we separated he offered a most pertinent and affectionate prayer, which recognized, in a truly felicitous manner, all the peculiar circumstances under which we were met.

The next afternoon I spent at Mr. Hall's house, by invitation, when I had the pleasure of being alone with him and his family. Though he was constantly in pain, and was frequently using his antidote in such quantities as would have seemed incredible, if I had not witnessed it, yet he was all the time beyond measure brilliant and interesting. Nothing impressed me more than his high appreciation of the talents of other men, whom the world would have pronounced greatly inferior to himself, while he

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could not have the least patience with anything like unreasonable pretension or arrogance. He spoke of certain divines in our own country in terms of unmeasured respect — he mentioned particularly Dr. Mason, and Dr. Dwight, and above all President Edwards, as among the brightest stars in the theological firmament; while I remember he spoke of one whom he had never seen, but of whose self-complacency he had had rather a revolting demonstration, with an air of most scathing sarcasm. He was well acquainted with the celebrated Robert Robinson, of Cambridge; and he regarded him as, without exception, the most powerful and delightful man in conversation, and the most engaging preacher, he ever knew. He expressed his astonishment that Dr. Mason was so great an admirer of John Owen — as for himself, he said, he could not endure him; and though Owen had certainly poured out a world of matter, it was matter in the sense of *pus*. He talked with great enthusiasm of the celebrated Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, and had no doubt that he was the most effective preacher, so far, at least, as manner was concerned, that had arisen since the time of Whitefield; though he had never seen him, and formed his opinion upon testimony alone. He had much to say on the subject of preternatural admonitions, spectres, &c.; and he did not hesitate to avow himself a believer in such things, though he was aware that he did it at the expense of being thought superstitious. Indeed, he told me two or

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three regular ghost stories, for the truth of which he stood ready to vouch. He could scarcely find language to convey his idea of the excellence of his predecessor at Bristol, Dr. Ryland. I was told that some one once reported something to Mr. Hall, which he at first pronounced incredible; but when Dr. Ryland was mentioned as the authority, he said—"Did Dr. Ryland say so, Sir? Then it is true, Sir; for I would as soon receive his testimony as the affidavit of seven archangels." I remained with him till after eleven o'clock, and then left him, not more impressed with his greatness than his simplicity and generosity. As I was coming away, he gave me one of his printed works, with an affectionate inscription to me on the title-page, with his own hand. I never saw him after parting with him that evening.

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IX.

Hannah More

AS Barley Wood was but about ten miles from Bristol, it was impossible that I should be so near the residence of its far-famed occupant, without, at least, making an effort to see her; though the accounts which I had heard of her feeble health, and her inability to see even her own friends, left me with little hope that any effort I could make would be successful. Still, as there was *some* hope, I resolved to try; and, accordingly, left Bristol early one morning, accompanied by Mr. H———, a gentleman who showed me great kindness, determined to see Barley Wood at any rate, and Mrs. More if it were possible. The morning was bright, the country beautiful, and the ride altogether delightful, except for the doubtful success of our enterprise. At length, we found by inquiry, (for this was my friend's first visit to that famous spot,) that we were within a short distance of the gate that opened to Mrs. More's grounds. As we entered the enclosure,

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we were met by a servant, who relieved our apprehension of disappointment by telling us that Mrs. More was in comfortable health, and would doubtless be happy to receive us. Her dwelling was a thatched cottage, standing on a graceful declivity, and overlooking the church and village of Wrington, a charming verdant vale, Bristol channel, and a range of distant hills.

The servant left us in the parlour, while he went to take to Mrs. More my introductory letters, one of which was from Dr. King, now of Athens, and the other from Mr. Wilberforce. As we were detained a few moments, I occupied myself in looking at the engraved likenesses, which nearly covered the walls of the room; and I noticed, what, indeed, had been remarked to me by some other person, that not a Dissenter's head was to be found among them all; an indication, I was told, of what was really the case, that Mrs. More's Christian sympathies, especially in her latter years, were almost exclusively with the Church of England. There was also in the room a small miscellaneous library, in which I noticed a copy of Bishop Dehon's sermons, a volume or two of the Panoplist, and, I believe, some other of our American publications.

In due time the servant came back, and conducted us into her room, which was in the second story; and, though a Catholic could scarcely feel more reverence in approaching the Holy Virgin than I did in approaching her, the very first words she

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spoke, without diminishing my reverence, relieved me from every feeling of embarrassment, and made me forget the extent of her fame in the familiar gentleness of her manner. She was at that time eighty-three years of age; she was rather below the medium stature; her features were remarkably regular, her complexion clear and bright, her eye gentle but expressive, and her countenance altogether glowing with benignity and intelligence. Her hair was powdered, and her dress rich and even elegant, considering that she was at home, and was only receiving a morning call. She had one or two female friends with her when we entered the room; but they almost immediately withdrew, so that our conversation was exclusively with *her*, during nearly the whole of our visit.

She at once adverted to the fact of my having brought her a letter from her "dear friend, Mr. Wilberforce," and inquired with great interest in respect to his health; and when I told her that I had, a few days before, passed a most delightful morning with him, she replied that she had no doubt it was a morning spent on the threshold of Heaven; and then added, that he was one of her oldest friends; that his writings had done great good, especially among the higher classes of British society; that his visits to her had always been a source of great comfort, and his prayers in her family were really heavenly. She expressed great admiration for Mr. Jay and Robert Hall; though she

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knew the former much better than the latter. Jay she regarded as one of the most delightful characters, and interesting preachers, she had ever known; and as for Hall, she thought his powers of intellect, especially of eloquence, were unrivalled—his composition she considered as absolutely perfect; and though she had sometimes read his productions to see if she could not find some fault, she had never discovered anything in them that seemed to her to admit of being changed for the better.

She observed, as a peculiarity of her mental constitution, that she had never been able to quote from her own writings; and it had sometimes happened that a friend had read to her an extract from one of her own books, and then amused herself by making her pass judgment upon it in the dark. She could not even recollect the titles of many of her volumes; and having occasion to refer to one of them, as she was conversing with me, she said—"I do not remember the title; but it is something about Christianity, I believe."

As she was evidently desirous of gratifying our curiosity as much as possible, she took us into another apartment, which was her sleeping room; and, pointing to a fine old arm-chair, said very pleasantly—"That chair I call my home." She observed that she had three different prospects from as many different windows of her house; and, looking out of a window in the room where we were—"Here," said she, "is what I call my *moral* pros-

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pect. You see yonder distant hill, which cuts off the prospect beyond. You see the tree before my window, directly in range of the hill. You observe that the tree, from being near, appears much higher than the hill, which is distant. Now, this tree represents, to my mind, the objects of time—that hill, the objects of eternity. The former, like the tree, from being near and distinctly seen, appear great; the latter, like the hill, from being seen in the distance, appear comparatively small."

She presented me with a copy of the last work she had sent forth—on the "Spirit of Prayer"—with a very kind inscription from her own hand. She said it was a compilation from her other works, made when she was so feeble as to be confined to her bed, with the expectation of never rising from it; that she felt the importance of the work, and determined to send it to the press, if only fifty copies were sold; but, that in less than six months, eight thousand were disposed of. She presented me, also, with another book of her's, entitled "Hints to a young Princess;" and she accounted for its not having been printed in America, as her other works had been, from the fact that our's is a republican government; but she said that, with the exception of forty pages, it was suited to the education of the higher class of females generally. She dissuaded the Princess Charlotte from learning music, on the ground that it was beneath her rank, that it would occupy time that might be spent to better purpose,

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and that she could always have professors of eminence to perform in her presence. She spoke of the Princess as a most amiable and promising character, whose death was a great affliction to the country, and whose example, if she had lived, would have exerted a most benign influence upon the higher classes. Mrs. More had a strong conviction that she possessed a truly Christian character, and that her end was peace.

She expressed a very kind solicitude concerning my health, which was at that time somewhat impaired; and when I told her that I had suffered severely from a derangement of the nervous system, she said her experience enabled her to sympathize with me, and she thought nothing was more important to me than to avoid undue excitement. The disciples, she remarked, could sleep in sorrow; and she had found that she could sleep better, after a day of affliction, than after a very exciting interview. Her whole character through life, she represented as having been marked by impatience; she did not mean that impatience that would lead her to be angry with servants and those around her, but that which led her to push on a work, when she had commenced it, till it was completed; and to this she attributed the fact of her having written so much.

After we had sat with her a considerable time, she directed her servant to conduct us around her "little domain," as she called it; and, as we went out, she requested us to take particu-

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lar notice of a monument she had erected to the memory of John Locke, and another in honour of her "dear friend," Bishop Porteus. She told us that that place had been in her possession twenty-six years; that when she purchased it, it was in a wild, uncultivated state; and that whatever trees or shrubs we should see, were planted by her own hand. As we walked over the grounds, we were sometimes almost hidden in the foliage; and we found continually, at short distances, the monuments of her taste, and skill, and industry. The most remarkable thing that I remember, was a Druidical temple, as Mrs. More called it, made of knots of wood, disposed in the most fanciful manner.

When we returned from our ramble, she had provided lunch for us; and while we remained, she continued to converse with much animation and interest. She mentioned several of her acquaintances in the United States, with great respect and good will; but no one, I think, with quite so much apparent cordiality, or, perhaps, in terms of so high praise, as the late Thomas H. Gallaudet, of Hartford. She spoke, also, with great affection, of her "little deaf and dumb correspondent," at Hartford, Miss Alice Cogswell, and said that she had written her some of the wittiest letters she had ever read. She was very particular in her inquiries respecting my own family, including the number and ages of my children, &c., and expressed her earnest wish that Providence might restore me to them in safety. Just

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as I was about to take my leave of her, she looked at me with intense earnestness, and said—"I beg you will not forget me in your approaches to a throne of grace. I have a high estimate of the importance of intercessory prayer; and I feel that I am a poor creature, who needs an interest in the prayers of God's children as much as any one." She then shook hands with me very affectionately, and thanked me for my call; and we parted. But, after I had got out of the house, a young female friend, who was staying with her, came to the door, and said that Mrs. More wished her to show me a copy of an American edition of her works, which she highly valued, and which had been, some time before, presented to her by a gentleman in New York. I accordingly stepped back, but was mortified to find that the execution did little honour to American skill in book-making. The typography and paper were both very indifferent, and the binding was in tawdry sheep, looking as if it were designed for a book auction.

As we left Barley Wood, we rode, at Mrs. More's suggestion, into the village of Wrington, about half a mile distant, where was the church in which she had been accustomed to worship, when her health would permit, and, also, the house where the illustrious philosopher, John Locke, first saw the light. The house was occupied by Mrs. More's washerwoman, who seemed quite familiar with the fact, but evidently knew nothing of the man.

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On my return to Bristol, I was congratulated by my friends on having obtained even a sight of Mrs. More, especially on having enjoyed *such* an interview with her; and was assured, that it was a rare thing that any visitor was equally fortunate.

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X.

DOCTOR M'CALL, during nearly the whole of his ministry, was deservedly reckoned among the greater lights of the British pulpit. He died early; but not till he had gained a reputation as a preacher, and as a man of genius, that will never die. He published but little, and had a great aversion to publishing anything; but, after his death, there was a selection from his discourses printed in two large volumes, in connexion with an interesting memoir of his life, by his intimate friend, Dr. Wardlaw. I have always wondered that these volumes have never been reprinted in this country. They certainly give but an imperfect idea of what the author was; and yet they contain an amount of rich and powerful thought, and an exuberance of splendid imagery, which fairly entitle them to be ranked among the first productions of their day.

I had never heard of Dr. M'Call till I arrived in England; but, from that time, his name was men-

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tioned with the greatest respect in almost every circle into which I was thrown. I was particularly advised not to leave England until I had heard him; and was assured that, if he lived, it would not be long before his name would be known in the United States as familiarly as that of Robert Hall. I accordingly made my arrangements to pass a Sabbath at Manchester, with a view of hearing him preach; and I arrived there on Friday, with an intention to accomplish this favourite object. I did accomplish it in the spirit, though not in the letter; as will appear in the sequel.

What I saw of Dr. M'Call was so very striking and characteristic, and, withal, so honourable to his feelings as an amiable man, that I have felt inclined, at least ever since his death, to make a statement of it; and yet I was so immediately associated with the main affair, that I have always felt a difficulty in speaking of it, lest I should seem to be making a report chiefly of my own experience. Hoping, however, that my motives will not be misunderstood, and presuming that there is no one living whose delicacy will be wounded by what I am about to say, I will venture to state the very characteristic incident to which I have reference, substantially as I find it in the journal which I kept at the time.

Having stopped, on my arrival at Manchester, at the house of a friend, I was introduced, in the course of the evening, to Mr. H———, a highly re-

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spectable member, and, I believe, a deacon, of Dr. M'Call's church. He kindly offered to take me the next morning to call upon the Doctor; though I felt reluctant to intrude upon him, especially as it was Saturday, when I supposed he might be engaged in preparing for the Sabbath. I finally concluded to avail myself of the invitation of Mr. H———, to make a short call. On my introduction to him, which was quite early in the morning, I was struck with his benign and animated expression of countenance, and his winning and even affectionate manner; and scarcely had I sat down, before he said, in a tone of great earnestness—"I hope, Sir, you are not engaged to preach both parts of the day, to-morrow?" "No, Sir," said I, "I am not—*that* would defeat the great end of my visit here; I came on purpose to hear *you*." "My dear Sir," said he, in a still more earnest tone, "you must not say one word against preaching for me, and I am sure you *will* not, when you are made acquainted with the circumstances of the case." I besought him to consider it as entirely out of the question; but he went on to state a number of reasons why he thought it was my duty to occupy his pulpit part of the day, the most weighty of which seemed to be, that he had been engaged to preach a charity sermon, on that Sabbath, in Dr. Wardlaw's church, in Glasgow; that he had written to Dr. Wardlaw that he could not fulfil the engagement on account of ill health; but yet, that

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if I did not preach for him, he should be obliged to appear in the awkward and somewhat contradictory attitude of preaching twice and administering the communion, after having sent such an apology to Glasgow. Though I had not at first the least idea of yielding to his request, yet he so completely overpowered me by his eloquent importunity, that I finally ceased to say anything—not because my mind was changed, but because my arguments were exhausted; and this he immediately construed into compliance; and upon the strength of it, he said—"Well, my dear brother, I cannot tell you how much I feel obliged to you; and now I am entirely at your command during the day." He kept his word most faithfully; and I believe never left me at all until eleven o'clock at night. It was a sore disappointment to me that I was not to hear him preach; but it was some compensation that I should have the opportunity of hearing him in the communion service.

Agreeably to previous arrangement, I met him in the vestry of his chapel (Mosely street), a few minutes before the time for commencing the morning service. Having arrayed me in his canonicals, he accompanied me to the pulpit stairs, and immediately withdrew; and though I supposed he was somewhere in the audience, I did not know where, until just before I finished my sermon, when I noticed him sitting in a pew directly before me. His countenance showed me that his strong sense of

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gratitude, for my having obliged him by preaching, had made him a very indulgent hearer. The moment I was at the end of my sermon, and had turned round to get the hymn book, (for in the Dissenting churches, in England, the last singing immediately follows the sermon,) Dr. M'Call was upon his feet, announcing my name and residence to the audience, and telling them that I was to preach that evening for the Rev. Mr. Coombs, in the chapel at Salford; and, as it was probably the last sermon I should ever preach in England, he should be most happy to have as many of the congregation as would, go and hear me, notwithstanding he expected to occupy his own pulpit. I saw clearly that his gratitude and good will had got the better of his prudence, and had brought my modesty to quite too severe a test; and I verily believe that I performed the rest of the service without meeting a single eye in the congregation. When the blessing was pronounced, I went back into the vestry to lay off the gown and bands, and Dr. M'Call immediately followed me. I saw in a moment that he was in a state of great excitement, and that he was struggling against his feelings in attempting to speak. "My dear brother—my dear brother," said he—"I cannot express it—I never had such feelings—I acknowledge I am acting like a child"—and immediately extended both arms and embraced me, at the same time uttering loud sobs. Though I knew not what was the matter, I frankly acknowledge that he

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worked up my sympathies, so that I cried too; and it was fortunate for us both that there was not a third person present, to turn the scene into ridicule. I quickly found that the whole secret of it was, that his gratitude for my consenting to preach for him, at what he knew was a great sacrifice, had predisposed him to hear me with a spirit which had not only disarmed criticism, but had given to a barely decent sermon such attractions as it never had before, and has never had since. It was unfortunate for me that he would be likely to compare notes with some of his congregation on the subject, though I thought that his convictions were too strong to be easily shaken. "But, now," said he, "my dear brother, there is only one unpleasant circumstance attending this; and that is, that I am thrown into such a state as to be utterly unfit to perform the communion service—*will* you not consent to take that also?" "Oh," said I, "Dr. M'Call, you *must* excuse me;" and he instantly replied—"I have no right to make such a request of you, and I am ashamed to have done it; but will you not consent to go and sit by my side, and take the service in case I should find myself unable to proceed?" To this I consented, though I was not quite certain what the result might be, as I saw he was far from having regained his accustomed composure. When he rose to speak, his chin quivered, and it was with some difficulty that he uttered the first sentence or two; but before he had pro-

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ceeded far, he was not only himself, but much more than himself; and he spoke for nearly half an hour, in a strain of eloquence which, I think I may safely say, I have never known to be even approached on a similar occasion. He introduced his remarks by an allusion to the circumstance of my having come from another country, and having preached the same Gospel which they were accustomed to hear; and, from this, went on to speak of Christians in all parts of the world being bound together by a common faith; referring to different parts of my discourse in illustration of the truths which he was setting forth. His whole soul was evidently on fire. Sometimes he swept along with the force of an avalanche, and sometimes there was a melting tenderness, which it seemed as if nothing could withstand; and, during the whole time, his face shone as if it had been the face of an angel. I have heard, more than once since, that his own people remembered that effort as one of the most remarkable they ever heard from him; though, of course, they knew nothing of the very singular affair which had preceded it. I doubt not that, on the whole, I was indebted to the circumstance of my having consented to preach for him, so much against my wishes, for a much more remarkable exhibition of his intellect, as I certainly was for a much nearer view of his sensitive and generous nature, than I should have had in hearing him in the ordinary course of his Sabbath day services.

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I never saw Dr. M'Call after I parted with him at the door of his chapel, as we both preached in the evening, and I left early the next morning. But there was that in him that made an impression upon my memory and my heart, that promises to stand well the test of time. His lovely, beaming, perfectly illuminated countenance; his voice, remarkable alike for its melody and power; his thoughts, the brightest and loftiest; his words, the most felicitous, and coming forth with a lightning-like rapidity; his whole manner showing the deep and powerful working of the inward fire—all contributed to render him one of the most perfect of pulpit orators; while the exquisite tenderness and delicacy of his spirit, the grace and gentleness of his manners, and his great generosity and fervent piety, rendered him one of the finest specimens both of a man and of a Christian.

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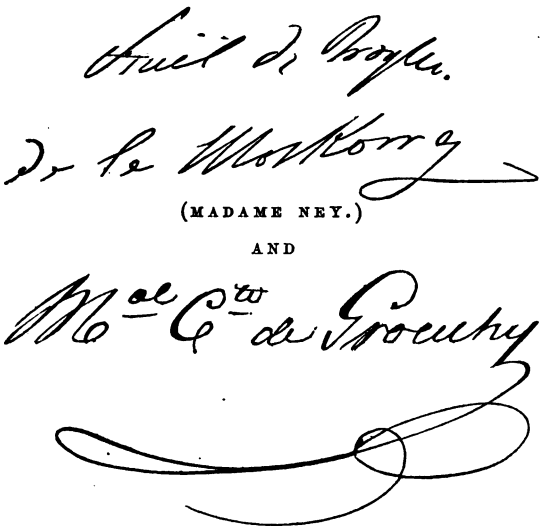
XI.



(MADAME NEY.)

AND

I WAS indebted to the kindness of Dr. Baird (and what American, who visited Paris during a period of several years, was not indebted to him?) for an introduction to the DUCHESS DE BROGLIE; not more distinguished as the wife of the Duke, than as the daughter of Madame de Stäel. She had been pointed out to me the Sabbath morning before, with her daughter, at the chapel at which Mr. Audubez officiated, and where I understood she was

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a regular attendant. Both she and her daughter were dressed in the most simple manner, and there was nothing in the appearance of either to indicate that their home might not have been in some retired and humble dwelling. Through Dr. Baird's kindness, an appointment was made for my calling upon her; and I quickly found that I could not have been presented under better auspices. We called at the appointed hour; and, after a little delay, the Duchess appeared, and met us in the most simple and unostentatious way imaginable. She was a lady of fine personal appearance, spoke very good English, but sometimes hurried her words together, so that it was not easy to understand her. She seemed greatly interested in the religious state of things in the United States, and especially in the revivals of which she had heard so much; and she could not be satisfied with anything short of the most minute details respecting them. Indeed, she put questions to me with so much rapidity, that if I had not felt quite familiar with the subject on which she wished for information, she would have been obliged to wait somewhat for my answers, notwithstanding I was using my native language, and she a foreign one. She spoke with great apparent concern of the state of the Roman Catholic Church, of which I knew that her husband was a member; and expressed the opinion that it was gradually to lose its distinctive character by being reformed, rather than to be formally abandoned.

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She wished me to give her an account of my own Christian experience; and, though the request seemed a little odd, considering that it was our first meeting, it was made with such manifest simplicity and sincerity, as to relieve me from all embarrassment in answering her inquiries. On the whole, she impressed me as one of the most delightful examples of earnest, practical Christianity, in the higher walks of life, that I had ever met with. While her conversation indicated the highest intelligence and refinement, it showed no less that she regarded it as her greatest privilege to be a learner at the feet of Jesus. She wrote me a kind note before I left Paris, but this was the only interview I had with her.

I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two in the family of MARSHAL NEY. I had an introduction from a member of the family of the late Citizen Genet, who was the uncle of MADAME NEY, and was received with as much warmth, as if I had been a friend of many years' standing. While I was conversing with them, I could not keep my thoughts from the horrible scenes through which the family had passed, and especially that by which they had been deprived of their illustrious head. Madame Ney had as many questions to ask as the Duchess de Broglie, though they were generally of a very different character. Though she had not seen her uncle since she was quite a child, she drew

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from me everything in respect to his life, and death, and family, that I knew; besides, I believe, asking me some questions that I was not able to answer. And when we had disposed of Citizen Genet, she fell to questioning me about myself and my family; and if her object had been to bring out my biography in a book before I left Paris, she could scarcely have descended to more minute particulars. I do not mean that there was anything about it that seemed in the least impertinent or obtrusive; on the contrary, all her inquiries were made with such apparent kindness and good will, that I felt myself honoured in answering them. She spoke once or twice of her husband, but it was only an incidental remark or two, and I did not feel myself at liberty to ask any questions concerning him—especially any that looked towards his tragical end. She was rather a large, portly woman, and a perfect lady in her manners, though I felt it a great drawback that she did not speak a word of English. Two of her family, however, who were at home, spoke it pretty well; and we found it convenient to put them in requisition, occasionally, in carrying on our conversation. One of the sons whom I saw was the Prince of Moskowa.

I was the bearer of a letter to MARSHAL GROUCHY, from a very eminent man in this country, who had known him pretty well in former years; but, unfortunately, both his person and his name had faded

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from the Marshal's memory. It made no difference, however, as to the reception I met with; or if there was any difference at all, I think it was rather in my favour, as the veteran General seemed disposed to make up, by rather an exuberance of kind offices, for the defect of his memory. He was at that time about seventy-five years old; was of rather a slender habit, and not much, if at all, above the middle height, with a countenance rather strongly marked, and looking as if he had not always been in a state of repose. I visited him by invitation several times, and he always seemed desirous of knowing if there was any way in which he could be useful to me. He talked freely about Napoleon and Louis Philippe, who was then upon the throne, and gave me many interesting incidents in his own history, going back to the old French Revolution. Probably there was no person then living who was more familiar than he with the events of that period, or who was better acquainted with the prominent characters that figured in it; and he seemed to have forgotten nothing. One morning, when I went to breakfast with him, I had the pleasure of seeing him make the coffee, boil the eggs, and, so far as I could discover, cook the whole breakfast.

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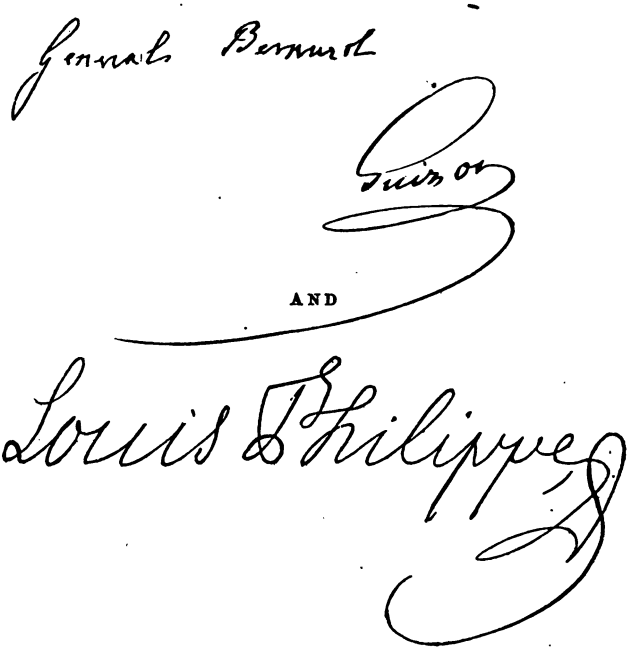
XII.



I SPENT an hour with GENERAL BERNARD. He had been so long in this country, that he seemed to have somewhat of the American feeling—at least he made intelligent inquiries on various subjects

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concerning the United States, on all of which he seemed to be quite at home. A friend who was on intimate terms with him, called with me, and he received us in his study *sans ceremonie*, and apparently with much cordiality. It was just at the time, during General Jackson's administration, when our relations to France had assumed a somewhat dubious aspect; and this, almost immediately, became the subject of our conversation. He expressed the opinion that there was no danger of a war between the two nations, though he thought both were in fault—the conduct of Mr. Livingston, our Minister, he censured in no moderate terms; and General Jackson's famous message he pronounced an outrage upon the dignity of France. At the same time, he said that he had a high respect for General Jackson's private character, and thought him an excellent man. As we rose to come away, after sitting with him a considerable time, he said that I must not go until I had seen his family, and immediately took me into the parlour, and presented me to his wife and daughters, whom I found exceedingly agreeable ladies, and all speaking English as readily as I could speak it myself. They had quite the appearance of an American family, and were glad of an opportunity to inquire for their friends in this country, many of whom were personally known to me. General Bernard was a fine specimen of a French gentleman, and everything about his family bespoke the highest degree of refinement.

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Through the kindness of Marshal Grouchy, I had a letter of introduction to GUIZOT, then Minister of Public Instruction; but when I called to deliver it, I did not find him at home. He, however, immediately addressed a note to me, requesting me to repeat my call the next day at ten; but, as the next day was the Sabbath, I was obliged to excuse myself. He then appointed another day, requesting me to breakfast with him; and this invitation I accepted. I found him an exceedingly good-looking man, rather below than above the middle height, but an uncommonly compact and well-formed person. He met me with a look and air of great urbanity, and began immediately to converse about America, as fast as his poor English and my poor French would permit. The subject that seemed chiefly to interest him, was education. He wished to know everything about our educational plans, apparently with a view to turn the information to some account in furthering the same cause in his own country. Though there was nothing in his remarks that was particularly profound—much less that had the least appearance of showing off, yet it was manifest that he spoke out of the depths of a rich, philosophical, and highly-cultivated mind. His manners, as he was a Frenchman, could not be otherwise than graceful; but he had also an air of dignity and stability that I missed in a good many of his distinguished countrymen.

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The last, though not least, of the magnates of Paris, whom I wish to include in these notices, is Louis Philippe. He was to hold a levee one evening at the Tuilleries, to which one of my friends procured for me an invitation. It was the most splendid affair in its way, that it has ever been my fortune to witness. Military officers and other distinguished individuals from almost every nation were there, each dressed in his appropriate costume. About half-past eight a door at the end of the immense hall in which the company were assembled, opened, and the King, Queen, and two or three daughters, made their appearance. The Princesses had each a splendid bouquet, and the younger of them seemed very beautiful. There were, I should think, nearly two hundred ladies standing in a line on one side of the room, ready to be introduced to the royal family as they passed along. The King, of course, took the precedence. He reminded me strikingly, by his general appearance, as I believe he has done many other persons, of Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely. I cannot conceive of grace and dignity being more perfectly commingled than they were in his manners. He seemed to have a word for every lady that was presented to him, that left a smile upon her countenance; and I thought I noticed that the more beautiful ladies detained him the longest. I went with the expectation of being presented to him myself; but I found that he advanced so slowly that my turn would not come for two or three

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hours; and, as I was too much fatigued to remain in a standing posture all that time, I betook myself to a place of less splendour, but better accommodations. Louis Philippe was then in his greatest glory--little did he dream of the ignominous flight and exile that awaited him.

There was one individual in Paris whom I had felt specially desirous of seeing, rather on his father's account than on his own—I mean George Washington Lafayette. I had a letter to him from a very distinguished individual in this country, to whom he was under strong personal obligations. I called and delivered my letter shortly after my arrival in Paris, but was informed that he was passing a few days in the country. With the letter, however, I left my card, indicating my address. After a short time, I ascertained that he was at home, and expected, of course, that he would honour the letter of his friend, at least so much as to call upon me. As, however, I heard nothing from him, I thought it possible that the letter had not been delivered to him; and a few days before I was to leave, I addressed him a note, apologizing, however, for the liberty, and saying that I should be glad to pay my respects to him, if it should suit his convenience. I received no reply to my note, and left, of course, without seeing him. When I mentioned

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the circumstance to some person well acquainted with his character, he remarked that it did not at all surprise him, and left me with the impression, that his chief distinction consisted in bearing venerable names.

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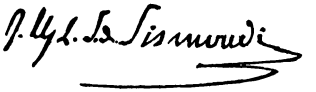
XIII.



AND

IF there was anybody in or about Geneva, whose acquaintance I was particularly desirous of making, it was the great historian, SISMONDI. His residence was about a mile and a half from the city, and it was arranged, through the kindness of a friend, that I should go out, and pass an evening with him. I accordingly did so, and the visit supplied me with much material for grateful and enduring recollection.

I found him—as he had assured me in a note, which I received from him the day before, that I should—alone with his family; and his family consisted of only his wife and her sister. He received me in the most familiar way, so that it was difficult for me to feel that I was meeting a stranger. I should think he was at that time about sixty years old; in his person, he was short and thick,

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with a prodigiously large head, a very black eye, and a most intelligent expression of countenance. He spoke English without difficulty, though he would frequently forget himself, and begin to speak French. He also, now and then, made an amusing blunder, though not to compare with one that was perpetrated about the same time by another eminent man, with whom I was conversing, and who, speaking of a crime which had been committed in Switzerland not long before, by a Catholic priest, remarked, that "He tried to *steal* (hide) his crime, and that he was afterwards *hung-ed.*" Sismondi began almost immediately to converse about American slavery; and, though he evinced much less of ignorance and prejudice on the subject than most of those whom I met, yet he took the European side of the question with considerable earnestness. He talked a good deal about the literati of the preceding generation, with whom he had been familiar, and especially of Madame de Stäel, with whom he kept up an active correspondence for many years. He had many inquiries to make concerning Miss Sedgwick, which, unfortunately, I could answer only in general; he spoke of her as his intimate friend, and his admiration of her and her writings seemed to be unbounded. As his wife was an English lady, and Sir James Mackintosh was his brother-in-law, he seemed to be as familiar with the prominent literary characters of England as with those of his own country. He was a great admirer of

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Robert Hall; and when I mentioned that I once had the privilege of hearing him preach, he desired me to tell minutely everything I could remember concerning him. The comparative merits of Wilberforce and Hannah More were discussed; and the conclusion which he seemed to have reached was, that Mrs. More was much the more highly gifted of the two, and that she had done more for her generation than almost any other individual, male or female. He spoke in terms of the highest respect of Dr. Channing, and ranked him, unhesitatingly, among the most eloquent writers of the day. Both he and Madame Sismondi manifested a mortal aversion to "Methodism," meaning by it the system of religion taught by the Evangelical School at Geneva, and were very lavish of their praises of the National Church. They remarked that both England and America had sent large sums of money thither, which had been worse than thrown away upon the cause of separatism! I perceived that their religious sympathies and mine were not much in harmony; and this, I suppose, they might have discovered, though I did not feel myself called upon to enter into any controversy with them. Sismondi impressed me as an exceedingly good-humoured and witty man; and he would often throw such a ludicrous air about even grave matters, that I found it difficult to keep from being convulsed with laughter. He was a sort of man who would draw you to him irresistibly, as well by his warm social affec-

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tions, as by his brilliant conversation and extensive knowledge.

DECANDOLLE, as everybody knows, was no less celebrated as a botanist, than Sismondi was as an historian. I called, agreeably to a previous arrangement, at his house, and was met by his son, a young gentleman of most amiable and modest appearance, who was then the acting professor of botany in the academy. He immediately conducted me into his father's study, where I found him engaged in reading. He was rather a short man, with a fine, open expression of countenance, and as far removed as possible from anything like ostentation. He was, at that time, fifty-nine years of age. I offered him two or three of my general letters of introduction, but he very politely refused them; and when his son, who acted as our interpreter, intimated to him that there was one from Albert Gallatin, with whom he was acquainted, that I wished him to read, he simply opened it, and looked at the name, and handed it back to me. This was according to a common usage on the Continent, which does not allow it to be consistent with good manners to read an introductory note in the presence of the person who delivers it. He was so very modest, that I was obliged to play Yankee in order to find out what I wished to know concerning the results of his labours. He told me that his first work—a splendid folio, that sells for twenty pounds sterling—was pub-

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lished in Paris, when he was only twenty years old; that he had published in all upwards of thirty volumes, most of which he showed me by my request; that he had given his course of lectures for forty years, and had then retired from the professor's chair, though he was not aware that his active powers had begun seriously to wane. His son accompanied me through the rooms in which he kept his herbarium—the most extensive in the world, and showed me the manner in which the plants were arranged and put up. I was informed that he had been offered a professorship at Paris, with an immense salary; but he declined the offer from considerations of mere patriotism. He gave me a manuscript of his, of considerable extent, which had been published, and which anybody might afford to place among his literary treasures. I have never seen a great man more simple and modest, and apparently unconscious of his greatness.

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XIV.

Blumhardt

AND

Vinet.

I HAD heard much of BLUMHARDT as the head of the missionary school at Basle, both before and after leaving America; and while I was in Paris, the Rev. Frederick Monod had given me a note of introduction to him. Soon after my arrival in Basle, I found my way to his residence, and delivered my letter; and much to my surprise, before I had time to deliver it, he asked me if he had not the pleasure of speaking to—calling me by name; the secret of which was, that somebody had enclosed a letter to him for me, informing him that I should probably arrive about that time. He received me with a degree of cordiality and affection that was as grateful to me as it was unexpected; and, though he was only fifty-six years old, there was something about his manner that was truly patriarchal.

Mr. Blumhardt was the founder of the missionary

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institution over which he then presided. It had been in successful operation since the year 1815, had sent out about one hundred and twenty missionaries, and at the time I was there, numbered thirty-seven students, who were under the care of three Professors, beside the Principal. What impressed me first, and most, in respect to Blumhardt, was his admirable Christian simplicity, in connexion with his intense devotion to the work in which he was engaged. He spoke with great interest of the zeal which was manifested by the American churches in the cause of missions, and remarked particularly upon the high qualifications of American ladies to become missionaries' wives; and added, that he wished more of them might go to the missionary stations, that they might be taken up! I accepted an invitation from him to dine with the students at twelve o'clock. I was introduced, a minute or two before the hour, into the dining hall; then came Mr. Blumhardt, and after him the students, and then the family who provided for them. After all had arranged themselves around the table, the venerable Principal, instead of asking a blessing, repeated a hymn in German, which the students sung. The dinner was served up on pewter plates, and was very simple, of course, as the charge for board was only about half a dollar per week. When the dinner was over, one of the students gave thanks in verse! The Principal did not dine with us, but retired to his own apartment immediately after the

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hymn was sung, in preparation for sitting down to the table. As an instance of Mr. Blumhardt's considerate kindness, I may mention that he happened to discover, what I had not discovered myself, that I had torn my over-coat; and while I was at my dinner he had contrived to send it to the tailor's and have it mended, so that the mending should not occasion me any detention.

After having shown me the likenesses of all the students he had sent out into the missionary field, he carried me over the town, and pointed out to me whatever he thought most worthy to be looked at. He accompanied me to the public library, and introduced me to Professor Gerlach, the Librarian, who showed me many curious and valuable relics of the time of the Reformation. Professor G. asked me if I knew Mr. Edward Everett; and then went on to say that he was a fellow-student with him many years before at Gottengen, where he earned many laurels; and when I told him of the eminence to which Mr. Everett had since risen, he seemed to think that it was nothing more than he had given promise of, twenty years before. Blumhardt introduced me also to an intimate friend of Oberlin, who was full of interesting anecdotes of that remarkable man. He gave me an engraved likeness of Oberlin, which he pronounced very perfect; and another individual, shortly after, gave me a still rarer treasure, in one of his manuscript sermons. Oberlin had, undoubtedly, in some respects, an exalted character;

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but he partook largely of the German superstitions of his time; and if he had lived at this day, would have been a firm believer, and a vigorous defender, of the spiritual rappings. An old professor in the University of Strasbourg, who knew him most intimately, assured me that his supposed intercourse with the spiritual world, through the medium of ghosts, &c., was almost an every-day matter.

I had a letter of introduction to PROFESSOR VINET, and one of the students of the missionary school accompanied me to his dwelling. He had at that time acquired a great reputation in Europe, especially on the Continent, as a profound theologian and philosopher; but comparatively little was known of him in this country. In stature he was rather above the ordinary size; was firmly and compactly built; was of an uncommonly dark complexion, and had an eye the most keen and piercing. His health, he told me, was very imperfect, insomuch that he was greatly embarrassed in his literary and professional engagements; though I could then discover nothing in his appearance that indicated it. The subject on which he seemed most disposed to converse was American revivals; and though he was, on the whole, inclined to think favourably of them, I thought I could discover in him some lingering doubts. He expressed a strong desire to examine the subject further, and by the best light he could command, and wished me to furnish him with any

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works on the subject that could be relied on as testimony in regard to the important facts. He seemed to look at the whole matter with the eye of a philosopher, as well as a Christian. My interview with him was not long; but it was long enough to leave upon my mind an ineffaceable impression of the power and grandeur of his intellect. He seemed kind and friendly, and offered me letters of introduction to some of his friends in Germany; but was not much disposed to talk about common matters. During the few years that he lived after I saw him, he was constantly growing in reputation and usefulness; and after his death, he was often spoken of in connexion with Chalmers, not only as having died about the same time, but as possessing a kindred genius and spirit.

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XV.

THE individual whom I was most interested to see in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn, was DR. PINKERTON, well known for his travels in Russia. He was born and educated in Scotland, had resided in Russia many years, and finally settled at Frankfort, as the General Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where, for aught I know, he remains to this day. Having been furnished with a letter of introduction to him, I delivered it shortly after my arrival in Frankfort, and it procured for me every attention I could have wished. He seemed, at that time, to be about fifty-five years old, had a well-formed, erect person, of about the middle size, and was the more interesting to me from being an almost perfect *fac-simile*, in his appearance, of one of my friends at home.

When I first met him he was at his office, at the depôt of the Bible Society; and, as he walked with me through the immense establishment, he remarked,

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in reference to the great number of Bibles they had on hand, that that was the artillery with which they were prosecuting the war against rationalism. I took tea with him the same evening, and had the pleasure of an introduction to his family. After we had disposed of the two great subjects of American slavery and American revivals, in both of which, by this time, I felt myself to be anything but a novice, the Doctor proceeded to give me an account of the state of religion in Germany; and, though it is now eighteen years since I had the conversation with him, it may, perhaps, not be amiss to state the substance of it; or rather the substance of the information which he communicated to me. He stated that Infidelity, which, in times past, had been coming out in a covert form from the chairs of theological professors, &c., was then becoming bold and impudent; that an infidel of great talents, who was at that time in prison for writing a blasphemous novel, had justified himself by a reference to the "Life of Christ," by Dr. Paulus, a theological professor at Heidelberg; that the great controversy thenceforward was to be between Atheism and Evangelical Christianity; that a large part of the good people of Germany believed the doctrine of Universal Restoration, though they were rather cautious about openly avowing it; and, as an illustration of the lax notions that prevailed among them in respect to the observance of the Sabbath, he stated that certain pious young ladies, who had

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been reproved by one of his daughters for knitting on Sunday afternoon, told another of his daughters that they had profited by the reproof, inasmuch as they had determined to devote the avails of their labours on Sunday to missionary purposes! He gave me many interesting details illustrative of the superstitious tendencies of the Germans, and especially of the progress that was then making in animal magnetism; and though I have since witnessed at home much greater feats than he described, I was quite confounded by some of his statements, and could imagine no way of accounting for them, but on the principle of jugglery. He actually performed one or two experiments in my presence, which seemed to evince some hidden power in nature that had only begun to develope itself; and though I did not think the Doctor particularly inclined to be superstitious, much less to be in communion with any evil spirit, I was quite sure that he was capable of doing some things which he was as little able to account for as I was myself. He seemed to think that some good had come from the doctrine of animal magnetism, especially as it had supplied a satisfactory argument to some skeptical minds, in favour of the immateriality and immortality of the soul. The system of homœopathy, which was then scarcely known in this country, had attained considerable notoriety in Germany; and the Doctor expounded to me its leading principles, and was evidently inclined to the opinion

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that it was destined to mark an epoch in the history of medicine. Indeed, he had provided himself with the largest and most splendid box of the *infinitesimals* which I remember ever to have seen; and I actually submitted to be dosed by him, though I could not say that the result proved anything, either for or against the new system. During my brief stay in Frankfort, Dr. Pinkerton rendered me every possible attention, and I retain to this day a most grateful remembrance of him and his amiable and accomplished family.

There was another clergyman whom I saw at Frankfort, of considerable distinction, to whom I was introduced by a letter from Professor Merle D'Aubigné, of Geneva—it was the Rev. Mr. Bonnet—himself from the neighbourhood of Geneva, and educated at the University of Basle. He was exceedingly urbane, intelligent and obliging. He gave me a most deplorable account of the religious state of things in Frankfort, and assured me that the great truths of Christianity were completely overlooked in most of the Protestant Churches. He took me to see a venerable and somewhat celebrated man, Dr. Meyer, who was the author of many important works, and among others, of a revised edition of Luther's Bible. He seemed to be, as I was assured he was, a very devout Christian, and a man of great learning; but, in regard to the doctrine of retribution, it was thought that he held a somewhat equivocal attitude. Mr. Bonnet, in order to

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give me the best view of the city, ascended with me the tower of an ancient church; and, after we had gone up two hundred feet, we found an old man and woman as snugly domesticated there, as any couple that could have been found on the *terra firma* below. The old man might be said to hold a high official station; for not only was he elevated a good distance above the rest of the world, but he was also holding the office of an alarmist, in case of fire. When I expressed to him my surprise on hearing that they had lived there five years—"Oh," said he, "That 's nothing; there is a steeple yonder upon which we have lived nineteen!"

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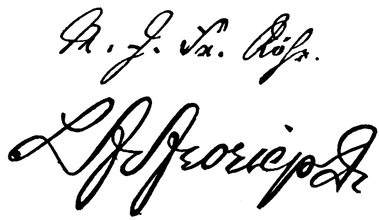
XVI.



AND

THE acquaintances which I formed at Weimar were so associated with certain incidents connected with my visit there, that it is not easy for me to avoid saying something of the latter, in order to furnish a satisfactory account of the former.

I reached Weimar, the far-famed seat of intellectual refinement and residence of distinguished men, at three o'clock of a cold February morning. As the conductor of the diligence knew I wished to stop there, I took for granted that he would at least drop me at an hotel; but I found, to my conster-

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nation, that he had actually set me down at the post-office, and that there was not a person there who understood even French. When I discovered what my condition was, I ran to the diligence to ask the only person in it who could speak French, to request some one at the post-office to direct me to an hotel; but that moment the cracking of the whip announced that the unwieldy old carriage was on its way to Leipsig, while I was left dumb among a set of people whose tongues had been trained to nothing but German. I noticed, however, at that moment, that one of the passengers who had persecuted me by smoking all the way from Frankfort, had left the coach, and, I supposed, would be looking out for a place to sleep. Though I did not know but he was going straight home, I determined, as a last resort, to hold on to his skirt; and even if it should turn out that he brought up at his own door, I intended to make all the external demonstrations of distress I could, to induce him to give me a shelter till I could find accommodations elsewhere. Fortunately for me, however, he wanted lodgings himself at an hotel, and knew where to go for them; and after walking a few steps—I keeping at his side—he rang a bell, which quickly brought a servant to the door. I was not perfectly sure, even then, that I was at an inn; but, after a few words of conversation between him and the servant, we were both admitted into the house and shown into a chamber in which there were two

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beds; and I immediately threw myself into one of them, and knew nothing more until I was awaked in the morning, by the servant coming to inquire if we wanted breakfast. I said, with as much confidence as if I had lived all my life in Paris, "Parlez vous Français?" "Oui, Monsieur," was the prompt reply. "Parlez vous Anglais?" "Oui, Monsieur," was again the delightful answer; but sadly was I disappointed to find that the fellow knew not enough even of French to comprehend the questions I had put to him. I succeeded, however, in making him understand the difficult proposition, that I wanted breakfast, and supposed also that I had got through his hair the somewhat more definite idea that I wanted three eggs; but what was my surprise at the demonstration of his intelligence, which he quickly made, by bringing me three small loaves of bread! I found it easy to forgive him, however, as he treated me to a good laugh; and more than that, he showed his substantial good will by making some effort to meet my necessities. While I was at my breakfast, there came up a very respectable looking young man, who told me that the servant had mentioned to him that there was an *English* gentleman there, who could not speak German, and wished for some one to interpret; and that he had come in to offer his services. I very gladly availed myself of them, and thought of nothing but that I had engaged a regular guide, at the rate of a Prussian dollar a day.

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Accordingly, we sallied out shortly after breakfast, and the first person upon whom I called was Dr. Roehr, the celebrated preacher of Weimar, and one of the most eminent of all the German Rationalists. I told my guide that he might remain outside the door, and, if it turned out that he was wanted as an interpreter, I would give him notice. I had a note to Dr. Roehr from Chenevière of Geneva, who was, in all respects, a kindred spirit; but whom I found very gentlemanly, and much disposed to show me good offices. The Doctor happened to be in his library, engaged in his studies; but he received me with great courtesy, and seemed desirous of doing what he could to make my visit agreeable. Our conversation, which was half French, half English, was principally about the eminent men of Weimar; the last of whom, Goëthe, had then just departed; and he showed me the likenesses of some of them, which he seemed to have treasured with great care and reverence. He was a person of grave, venerable aspect, of agreeable manners, and was reckoned, at that time, as one of the great lights in his school of theology. He expressed great regret that we had no common medium of free communication, and said that the best service he could render me was to introduce me to a Dr. Weissenborn, a German teacher of English, who, besides having a perfect knowledge of the English language, was a most obliging and friendly man. I found Dr. W., in all respects, what

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Dr. Roehr had represented him, and was indebted to him then, as I have been since, for some very kind attentions, and even important services.

I made several calls, in the course of the morning, under the direction of my volunteer guide, and at twelve o'clock he remarked that he believed he must excuse himself, as he had an engagement at that hour. I handed him a dollar, and he asked me what it was for. "For your services this morning," said I. Then, for the first time, I discovered my mistake in supposing that he was one of the *professional* guides. It turned out that he was a young gentleman of a highly respectable family at Frankfort, and that he was then on a visit to a young lady at Weimar, to whom he was engaged to be married; and as he gave me a narrative, showing that his courtship had not been, throughout, a matter of plain sailing, I had the opportunity of returning his kind offices, not only with sympathy, but, as he requested it, with a little advice. He did not seem to take my mistake in dudgeon, and remarked that it was quite natural that I should have made it.

I was desirous, for some particular reasons, of seeing Dr. Froriep, a celebrated geographer. I had no particular introduction to him; but I ventured to call upon him on the strength of my general introductions. I handed him several letters, but he seemed to care little for any, except one from General Jackson, which he read, despite of German

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etiquette, two or three times over, and remarked that it was most felicitously written. He immediately took me in charge, and devoted the rest of the day to me, which was the greater favour, as he had the perfect command of my mother tongue. He carried me in his carriage, all over town, pointing out to me the residences of Herder, Schiller, Weiland, and Goëthe, all of whom he had known well. Griesbach, too, had been his intimate friend, and he gave me a pleasant memorial of him. I took tea with him in the evening, when I had the pleasure of meeting his wife and daughter. He asked me if I was willing that they should see the "remarkable" letter of General Jackson, which I had shown him in the morning; and after they had read it, he took it and went into an adjoining room, and made a copy of it; and when he returned it to me, repeated, for the third or fourth time, that it was "really a remarkable letter." He expressed great interest in our American institutions, and seemed familiar with the names and characters of many of our great men—Everett, Ticknor, Henry Dwight, and several others, he knew personally, and expressed great regard for them. Madame Froriep spoke in terms of great reverence and affection of Herder, and said that he was the clergyman who officiated at her marriage.

Dr. Weissenborn, the teacher to whom Dr. Roehr had introduced me, offered to make me acquainted with Madame de Goëthe, the daughter-in-law of

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the great poet, who occupied the house in which he had always lived. We were actually on our way to call upon her, when we met her in something that resembled a litter, borne by two men —a convenience, I suppose, for avoiding the mud in the streets. As soon as she alighted, and went into her mother's house, Dr. W. sent in to inquire at what hour she would find it convenient to receive me, and she mentioned five o'clock in the afternoon. I accordingly went at that hour; and she met me with a frank, good-natured air, that put me at my ease in a moment. As I had no particular introduction to her, I showed her the General's letter, which had already come into great repute, and she too read it with no small interest. She was a most agreeable and intelligent person, and was the mother of three children, the two younger of whom were so strikingly like their grandfather, that I recognized their resemblance to his portrait the moment I saw them. Mrs. Jamieson, the English authoress, was at that time domesticated with her, and I had the pleasure of making *her* acquaintance also. Madame de Goëthe brought out several little memorials of her illustrious father-in-law, intending to give me one of them; and, as she selected that which she considered most valuable, she asked Mrs. Jamieson whether she did not think that she could afford to spare *that*, but at the same moment put into her hands my letter from General Jackson, telling her

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not to answer her question till she had read that letter. The result was, that the choice relic was made over to me. I spent but twenty-four hours in Weimar; but it was certainly a *multum in parvo* visit.

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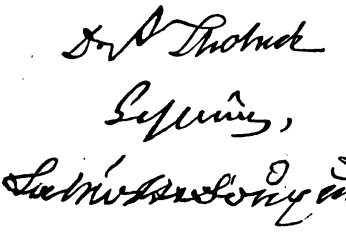
XVII.



&c.

THE first person on whom I called, on my arrival in Halle, was Professor THOLUCK. My reason for this was not merely that I felt a deeper interest in his character than in that of any other person at Halle, (there were few, indeed, of whom I knew anything,) but that I had previously had some little correspondence with him, which gave me a claim to recognise him almost as an acquaintance. In his appearance and manners, he was quite a different person from what I had expected. He was rather above the medium height, of a slender frame, and of an easy, flexible habit. He did not complain of ill health; but his face, at that time, was pale, and looked as if he were used to trimming the midnight lamp. As I had been accustomed to associate with him the idea of a reformer, I supposed I should find him more than

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ordinarily grave and demure, and somewhat a man of one idea: but instead of that, I found him cheerful, versatile, and highly communicative as well as intelligent, on every subject that came up. His wife had died not long before, and his sister was then keeping house for him; and she, with two or three students, who were boarders, constituted his entire family. During the four or five days that I spent in Halle, I saw much of him, and had a good opportunity, in some respects at least, of appreciating his character. Nothing about him struck me more forcibly than his wonderful simplicity. One would have supposed, from his general appearance, that he was utterly unconscious of both his position and his power; and yet, whenever his mind was directed to any subject of importance, it was wonderful with what energy it acted, and how he seemed to have everything at command that bore upon it. The subject that seemed uppermost in his thoughts was the motley and anomalous religious state of things in his own country. He mentioned to me the names of certain German Professors, who had not only a European, but a world-wide reputation, whose lectures upon the Bible, though very able and learned, were sometimes little better than blasphemous satires upon the Word of God. He considered, however, that the religious prospects of Germany were, on the whole, brightening, and supposed that, from that time, the great conflict would be between Pantheism and Evangelical Religion. He had himself suffered much for his bold avowal and earnest vindication of what he consid-

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ered the true Christian doctrine; but he was evidently then much in the ascendant; and I was assured that there was no clergyman in the region, whose preaching commanded so much attention and respect as his.

I attended one of Tholuck's lectures; but as it was in German, everything but the manner was lost upon me. He read it sentence by sentence, with the utmost deliberation; and the students meanwhile, (sixty-four in number, if I counted right,) all became vigorous scribes. He would occasionally, however, extemporize a few sentences, and then he spoke more rapidly, and with a good degree of animation. I noticed that there was something written in German characters on the desk, immediately in front of my seat, and on inquiring of an English gentleman who accompanied me, and who could read German, what it was, he translated it thus: "Tholuck is a mad herring and a crazy fellow." He mentioned to me, at the same time, that in another lecture-room it was written—"Tholuck is immeasurably fanatical." These significant testimonials, however, were supposed to have been recorded some time before, when they were much more expressive of the general estimation in which he was held, than they were at that time.

GESENIUS was a still greater surprise to me than Tholuck. It seemed to me that I had heard of him, in connection with Hebrew, almost as far back as I knew that there was such a language; and I was pre-

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pared to find deep furrows all over his face, which my imagination, without any great effort, could turn into Hebrew letters. But instead of that, I found him looking as if he were not more than forty or forty-five years old; rapid beyond measure in his movements; with nothing to indicate that he had ever been accustomed to intense thought; with a bright, cheerful, amiable countenance; with a mind awake to every thing humorous and laughable; with a heart apparently glowing with kindness, and with manners the most unstudied and familiar. I had once received a letter from him; and when he heard my name, he remembered the circumstance of his having written to me; and upon the strength of it, gave me the most cordial of greetings, actually shaking hands with me three times over. When he knew that I was to remain for a few days in Halle, he remarked that he had his classes to attend to during certain hours of each day, and that all the rest of the time I might command his services in any way that should be most agreeable to me.

He was true to his word, and devoted the leisure of three days to me almost exclusively. He took me to see every object of curiosity that he thought would interest me, and introduced me to various persons, by whose acquaintance I should be most likely to profit. He seemed to me one of the most inveterate lovers of fun that I ever met. He had treasured a vast number of humorous anecdotes, which he knew how to dispense on all fitting occasions, and with an admirable grace.

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His English was, by no means, as good as that of Tholuck, though I understood him with perfect ease; but I remember, once or twice, his bringing forth a word, after considerable effort at recollection, which was so far out of the way, that it required still greater effort on my part, of a different kind, in order to maintain a decent gravity. He seemed to be aware that he was not a very thorough master of English; though this did not at all embarrass him, as he was utterly reckless of all mistakes.

He said nothing in my hearing that reflected, in the least, upon evangelical religion, or its advocates; on the contrary, he spoke of Tholuck in terms of high and apparently cordial respect. But it was very well understood that his sympathies, from being rationalistic, had become pantheistic; and that he expounded the Scriptures as a critic, and not as a believer. I attended one of his lectures, which, I think, was on a part of the prophecy of Isaiah; and though I understood not a word of it, there was abundant evidence that he was turning the passage that formed the basis of his lecture into ridicule; for, at brief intervals, throughout the lecture, he would say something that would throw the whole class into a broad laugh, in which he would himself join most heartily. The English gentleman, to whom I have already referred, told me that he was present at one of his lectures a short time before, when, after having spoken somewhat at length on the vestments of the High Priest, he suddenly exhibited a doll, in the most fantastic dress, in

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order, as he said, to give them some idea of the sacerdotal robes. The effect was, as he evidently intended it should be, to convulse the students with laughter.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to BARON FOUQUET, the celebrated German poet. He seemed to be about sixty years old, was a short, neat-looking man; and I was not sure but that he was handsome, though the immense amount of hair upon his face rendered it impossible for me to decide. He spoke but a few words of English, though the gentleman who introduced me to him was able to act as an interpreter. I was told that both he and his wife—a most respectable looking lady, of not much more than half his own age—were decidedly evangelical in their views and feelings; and I should have inferred as much in respect to him, from some of his remarks. He showed me the portrait of his grandfather, who was a distinguished General in the Prussian army under Frederick the Great, and withal was one of the King's intimate friends, as was proved by a large bundle of letters which the King addressed to him, one of which the Baron was so kind as to present to me. Before I left him he asked me to go into his study, that I might associate him in my recollection with the place where he performed his literary labors. He offered to give me letters to some of his friends in Berlin, and I gladly availed myself of his kindness.

I saw several other highly respectable persons at

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Halle, some of whom were well worth being remembered. I had an introduction to Dr. WEGSCHEIDER, a short, indifferent, sober looking man, who, though a professor in some branch of theology, was not much more, I understood, than a serious, respectable Deist. I heard him deliver a lecture, which was made up of about equal parts of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and read as doggedly as if the lifting of his eyes from his manuscript had been a capital offence. I saw Professor GRUBAR also, a highly accomplished gentleman, apparently about sixty, whose intelligent and generous face reminded me of that of the late President Kirkland. I met also with Dr. FRIEDLANDER, the celebrated professor of medicine, and Dr. ROEDDIGER, the great Oriental scholar, the latter of whom particularly showed himself extremely amiable and obliging. I became acquainted also with NIEMEYER, the son of the celebrated Chancellor of the University, who took me through the famous Orphan House, established about a hundred years before by Franke, and, if I mistake not, the most extensive institution of the kind in the world. He introduced me to his mother, a lady far advanced in life, but distinguished for her intelligence, and highly attractive even in her old age. She had been acquainted with a large part of the distinguished men of Germany, during the fifty years preceding, and, by her striking anecdotes and vivid descriptions, gave me a better idea of many of them than I had had before. Wieland, Schiller, Goethe, and many others of equal note, had been her

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intimate friends; and the grace and elegance with which she talked of them, showed how well fitted she was to adorn such society. She seemed withal a very benevolent person, and last, though with me not least, she was perfectly familiar with my mother-tongue.

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XVIII.

Henricus Leonhard Heubner

I AM not sure that I had ever heard of Dr. Heubner until Professor Tholuck mentioned his name to me at Halle, and told me that he was one of the most vigorous and earnest friends of Evangelical Christianity, and that I should do myself great injustice if I should pass Wittenberg, his residence, without seeing him. As Wittenberg had other attractions, on the score of its religious and historical associations, I made up my mind that I would stop there; and it so happened that I arrived there at daybreak on Saturday morning, and found it convenient to remain over the Sabbath.

I called and delivered my letter to Dr. Heubner, soon after breakfast, and found him the very quintessence of everything kind and amiable. He met me so affectionately, that it really seemed unnatural, as I had never seen him before; but when I looked him in the face, I read there a certificate to the perfect

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sincerity of all his kind expressions. He was President of the Theological Seminary at Wittenberg, and, I believe, was a stated preacher there also. He was a man of moderate size, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with nothing particularly striking in his face, except that it was perfectly irradiated with kindly feeling. It was a disappointment to me that he could not speak English; and a still greater disappointment to be assured that there was only one person in the town that *could* speak it; and the greatest disappointment of all was, when I succeeded in hunting up that one, to find that his English was only an apology for English, and that, as a medium of communication, it was a good deal worse than my French. Dr. Heubner expressed great regret to me that a large part of his preparation for the Sabbath was yet to be made, so that it was impossible for him to accompany me to see the different objects of interest, as he wished; but said he would soon send a person to act as my guide, who was perfectly familiar with all the localities, and would render me every service I should require. When the person came, he proved to be an elderly man, I should suppose over sixty, very well dressed, and yet looking somehow as if he had put on his best clothes for an occasion. I took for granted that the best I could expect of him was that he should speak French, and addressed him accordingly; but was met with the ominous shake of the head, indicating that that was farther than he

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had ever penetrated. Not knowing what anomalous event might have overtaken me, I asked him, almost despairingly, whether he spoke English; and he looked at me as if he had detected some symptoms of hallucination, and, by a still more vigorous shake of the head, answered "No." I began to think that if I had not a blind guide, I had, at least, a dumb one; when, to my utter astonishment, he began to address me in Latin, and spoke it as fluently as any one need to speak his mother-tongue. I happened to be acquainted with the German pronunciation of Latin, so that I could understand him without much difficulty; and, though I had never been trained to converse in Latin, I was surprised to find that, when the stern hand of necessity was laid upon me, and I was obliged to speak that or nothing, I could frame Latin sentences, such as they were, without any considerable hesitation. We started off with our Latin tongues in our mouths; but the old man had one great advantage of me—he could speak correctly as well as fluently, as I could not; and, though I watched his countenance for the evidence that I was making fun for him by my blunders, there was not a single look from which I should have known that I was not the best Latin scholar in Germany. He took me to see what every one who goes to Wittenberg sees—namely, Luther's cell, (study,) where his writing-table—all hacked up by a thousand thievish visitors, his music, and other relics of him, still remain; the spot designated by a

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tree where he burnt the Pope's bull; the house in which Melancthon lived; and, finally, the church beneath which the ashes of both Luther and Melancthon repose. All this time I was utterly ignorant of the character of my guide, not knowing whether he was a man of high or low degree; and I felt somewhat embarrassed as to the question whether I should consider him merely as a friend of Dr. Heubner, or some humble individual, who would expect me to pay him for his services. As I preferred, however, to run the hazard of a mistake on the safer side of the alternative, I ventured to slip into his hand what I supposed was a suitable compensation, and he accepted it very thankfully. I afterwards found that he had been a lawyer, but was broken down and had lost his property, and was at that time the sexton of one of the churches.

Sunday morning, I went to hear Dr. Heubner preach, in the very church where the great Luther used to lift up a voice that penetrated to the ends of the earth. As I went to the church without a guide, I passed directly into the gallery, and took my seat at random. As I perceived that I was looked at apparently as an object of curiosity, and the boys around me were even in a broad laugh, and as I perceived also that there were two written or printed notices lying on the board before me, I suspected that I had, in my ignorance, taken a seat that belonged to some of the officers of the church, and I immediately rose and took another seat still

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nearer the boys, and, as it finally turned out, in the midst of them. The little urchins still kept laughing, and looked at me with as much surprise as if I had dropped down from another planet. One of them, who sat near me, whispered to me in bad French, and offered me his book; but, as I had seen the little rogue laughing at me immoderately, I confess I did not feel greatly in the mood of exchanging or even accepting any civilities. At length Dr. Heubner commenced the service, and preached with great animation, and, I have no doubt, to those who understood him, with great interest. Once or twice, in the course of the service, there was a pause, apparently for the congregation to spend a moment in silent prayer; and everybody, not excepting my little neighbours, who were trifling during the service, put their heads down as if in devotion; and one of them I saw, while his head was down, still turning his eyes towards me with a smile. There was a very large congregation, and, with the exception I have noted, a very attentive one.

I dined with Dr. Heubner according to previous engagement, when I had the pleasure of meeting his family, and two or three others, among whom was a Mr. Rothe, a very agreeable man, who was associate Professor with him in the Theological Seminary. Here I found myself in a highly intelligent circle, not one of whom could speak a word of English, and who wished to talk with me, not about what I would have for breakfast or dinner, or on kin-

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dred themes, on which I felt myself pretty well at home in French; but upon some subjects comparatively abstract, where I knew that my French must be an utter failure. I, however, did as well as I could; but I knew *how* well I was doing, if in no other way, from observing in the countenances of the young ladies a very decided conflict between the sense of the decent and the sense of the ludicrous; and, as I knew that the bell was to ring for church at two, I watched the clock with the most intense interest, until it finally struck the hour of my relief. When we rose from the dinner-table, the company, to my astonishment, fell to kissing and shaking hands with each other; and I had nothing to do but walk up, and, so far as the shaking of hands was concerned, take part in the ceremony. Dr. Heubner accompanied me to church in the afternoon, and we heard a sermon delivered, without much animation, by Archdeacon Selfisch. As soon as he had finished his sermon, he left the pulpit, and the congregation commenced singing; and, when they ceased, what else should I hear than the voice of the preacher from the altar at the side of the church, chaunting the benediction. The congregation joined in it, and it was altogether quite an imposing affair; though it seemed to me, especially in connexion with the minister's turning first his back and then his face to the audience, as a little too much like a relic of Popery to have become an accredited part of the service in Luther's church.

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I passed the Sabbath evening with Dr. Heubner, and was not a little interested and edified by his conversation. He knew Schleusner, the author of the Lexicon, well, as he resided at Wittenberg, and I rather think was associated with him as a Professor in the Theological Seminary. He spoke of him with great respect as a scholar; but remarked that his theology was not of a very high type, though he was by no means a rationalist. I took leave of the Doctor at the close of the evening, having seen enough fully to justify the favourable opinion that Professor Tholuck had expressed concerning him. He seemed to me the apostle John over again. When we parted, he embraced me, (yes, imprinted upon my cheek a literal, *bona fide* kiss,) and left me with a benediction as fraternal as if I had been allied to him by a much nearer tie than that of the common humanity. Old Wittenberg is a mean, dirty place in its exterior, but it is glorious in its associations.

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XIX.

Neander

AND

Neugebauer.

NEANDER was the first person upon whom I called at Berlin, after I had got fixed at my hotel. He was just going out to his lecture, but he received me with the greatest kindness, and made an appointment for me to call in the evening, when he would be at leisure. I had scarcely seen a distinguished person before, who did not appear to me to resemble somebody whom I could think of among my American acquaintances; and I was accustomed to note the resemblance in my journal, to aid me subsequently in recalling the countenance; but Neander's face was not to be compared with any that my eye had ever rested on. It was in a high degree Jewish, and yet I should doubt whether it ever had its prototype in any Jew, from Abraham down to Neander's own father. Without attempting to describe the peculiar expression of his countenance, I may mention that he was a small

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man, of very dark complexion, and a fine black eye, though he kept his eyes so nearly closed when he conversed, that it was only now and then that one could fairly get a sight of them. I was greatly struck with his simple and cordial manner; and felt, from the first moment that I heard him speak, an irresistible conviction that he was perfectly sincere and trustworthy in everything.

I spent an hour with him in the evening, according to appointment; and saw more of him, during the ten days that I passed in Berlin, than of almost any other person. He spoke of many of my countrymen, who had resided at Berlin, in terms of great respect and affection; but I thought he seemed to have been specially drawn towards Professor Hodge and Dr. Sears, both of whom, he was sure, would prove an honour to their country. He told me that evangelical truth on the one hand, and Pantheism on the other, were making rapid progress in Germany, and that it was not easy to say which was advancing most rapidly. He spoke in a manner that indicated the highest respect and reverence for the King; and when I asked him concerning the King's religious character, he remarked that he had no doubt that he was a truly pious man. I expressed some astonishment at that, from having seen it stated in a French newspaper that I had taken up, that he attended the theatre on the Sabbath. "But," says Neander, "I suppose you know that the same views of the Sabbath are not entertained

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in Germany as in England and America—I do not entertain the same myself." I replied that I was aware of that; but that I did not suppose that those who professed to be evangelical Christians would attend the theatre on the Sabbath. To which he replied, "I would not go to the theatre any day of the week; but there is nothing that I would do at any time, that I would not do on Sunday, if convenience required it." He spoke of the long prevailing Rationalism in Germany as a thing upon the wane; and, though he was as far as possible from having any sympathy with it, he expressed his apprehension that many opposed it with a bad spirit; and, by representing the case worse than it was, rather helped to bind men more closely to their errors, than to effect their deliverance. His heart seemed to be very much in the cause of revivals, and in the cause of missions. He told me that some of the documents which had reached him on the subject of American revivals, he had caused to be translated, and had done his utmost to secure their circulation among the good people of Germany. Somebody had sent him a few numbers of the *Missionary Herald*, published at Boston, and he seemed to have devoured them with the utmost avidity. He had no doubt that our noble country was to have a chief agency in evangelizing the world.

My curiosity was gratified—I cannot say that my mind was particularly enlightened—by attending one of his lectures on the "Life of Christ." The room

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in which the lecture was delivered, had been, originally, a splendid one; but it had been suffered to go to decay, and withal had accumulated quite as much dirt as was consistent with health, and a good deal more than was consistent with decency. The number of students in attendance was large—I should think, not less than four hundred. After I had waited in the lecture-room a good while, the worthy professor made his appearance; and a singularly plain, and to me perfectly unique, appearance it was. As he came in, his head was down, as if he had lost something that he was trying to find; and among other attractive articles of dress, was a huge pair of boots, which he wore outside of his pantaloons, and which came up nearly to his knees. I noticed, on his entering the room, and several times during the lecture, that there was a hissing among the students, which I feared, at the moment, was intended as an insult to the lecturer; but I soon learned that it was nothing more than a demand for perfect silence. Neander's manner of lecturing indicated the extreme of modesty and diffidence; but there was nothing about it that was in the least degree attractive. His eyes seemed never to be more than half open; but they were steadily fixed upon his paper. On one hand he rested his forehead, and with the other he was whirling about a goose-quill; and once in twenty seconds, upon an average, according to an accurate estimate by my watch, he entertained us by *spitting!* I know not whether this was the effect of disease or habit;

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but I should charitably hope, and I think somebody told me, that it was the former. He delivered his lecture standing, and bending over a desk in the most ungraceful posture; but his utterance was distinct, and sufficiently loud to fill a large room. I could see that the lecture was listened to with great attention, and the lecturer was evidently regarded with the highest respect.

After the lecture was closed, Neander took me into another part of the building, and introduced me to several professors of illustrious name, and then proposed to me to take a "promenade" with himself and his sister—not the sister who kept house for him, but one who was then on a visit to him from Hamburg—a lady who seemed to have very little in common with himself, her personal appearance being uncommonly attractive, and her spirits buoyant almost to excess. She spoke English with great ease; though she insisted upon it, for some time, that I knew German; and when I assured her of the contrary, she laughed immoderately at the idea of my attending a German lecture.

Immediately on my introduction to Neander, he asked me if I would dine with him the next Sunday; and, as it presented to me the alternative of dining in a Christian family or in a hotel, I had no scruples in accepting the invitation. He had, moreover, requested that I would come in the morning, and accompany him to hear a very eloquent preacher; to which also I consented. When the Sabbath

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morning came, however, the weather was so unfavourable that I felt obliged to write him a note, saying that, with a severe cold which I had already taken, I did not think it safe to trust myself in a cold church, but that I should still hope to be with him at dinner. He answered my note in English, approving of my purpose to keep in the house during the morning, but expressing the hope that I should be able to dine with him; and added—"It would be a great *disgust* to me not to give you the occasion of making the acquaintance of my dear friend, Dr. Twesten, a true theologian *non gloriæ sed crucis.*" At three o'clock, the hour appointed, I went to his house, and was shown into his study, where I found him sitting alone; but Dr. Twesten, the Professor of Dogmatic Theology, very soon came in, and made himself as agreeable as he could, without knowing enough of English to form a sentence. In due time the servant announced that dinner was ready; and what was my astonishment, as I entered the dining-room, to find as many guests there as the room could possibly accommodate. When we sat down to the table there was no blessing audibly asked; but there was a pause, that each one might ask a blessing for himself. The manner in which the afternoon was passed was quite in accordance with the German doctrine in respect to the Sabbath; and, as the good-humoured, not to say boisterous demonstrations, were all in German, I must confess that I was for once more than reconciled to

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my ignorance of the language. What aggravated the case to me was, that I had no reason to doubt that the dinner party had been made on my account, though I had understood Neander to say that I should meet nobody at dinner but his sister and Dr. Twesten. I am sure he did not intend to do violence to my feelings; and I am equally sure that, if he had had any adequate appreciation of the manner in which we regard the Sabbath, I should not have been placed in a situation so painful to me.

I had intended to say something of HENGSTENBERG, having placed his name at the head of this article; but I find that neither my recollections of him, nor my notes concerning him, supply material for any other than the most general remarks. I walked a long distance outside the gates of the city to find him, and, as he spoke no English, my interview with him turned to no great account. For some time he kept talking German to me, despite of my assurances that I did not understand a word of it; and when he exchanged German for French, he scarcely did it with a good grace. I found him a much younger person than I had expected; but, though he had lived only thirty-three years, he had been a professor during thirteen of them. He was a small, bright looking man, and evinced good manners in everything, except that he smoked incessantly while I was with him, and occasionally let

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forth a puff almost directly in my face. No other apology, however, was needed for it than the fact that he was a German. I was shut up in the diligence at one time for thirty-six hours with five smokers, who were deaf to all my entreaties to them to desist, because I could not speak German, and they professed to be able to understand nothing else!

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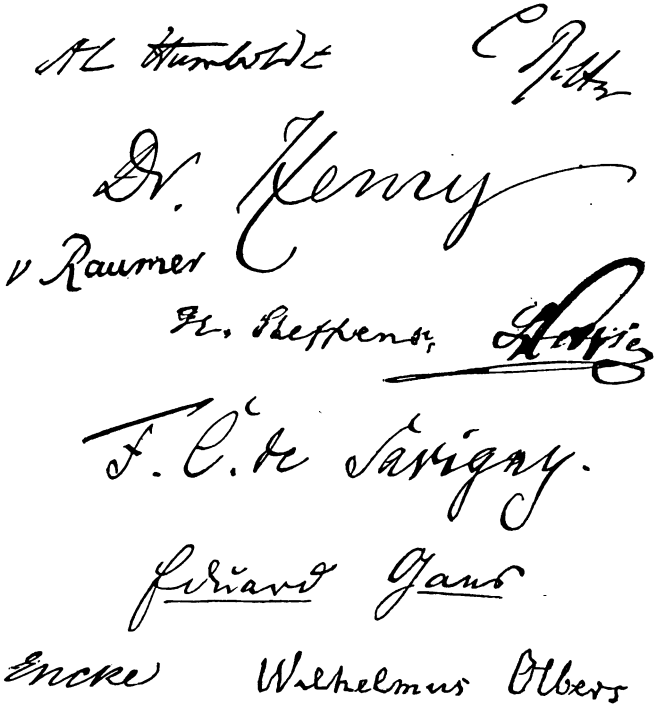
XX.



FROM the time that I determined to visit Berlin, it was one important object with me to see ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT; and as I knew that he passed a good deal of his time abroad—at Paris and elsewhere, I was glad to find, on my arrival at

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Berlin, that he was at home, and in his usual health. Several of his personal friends were ready to give me an introduction to him, but my experience had already taught me that General Jackson's letter was not only worth more than any French or German letters I could obtain, however good, but that it actually superseded the necessity of any others; and I preferred to use it as an introduction to Humboldt, rather even than to take a note from our own accomplished and respectable ambassador, Mr. Wheaton. I accordingly enclosed to the Baron my card and the General's letter, signifying, at the same time, by a note, that I should feel honoured by the opportunity of paying my respects to him; and begging that, in case he should consent to my proposal, he would let me know at what time it would be convenient for him to receive me. He immediately called at my hotel, and as I was out, he left his card. I then returned his call, but, unfortunately, he was not at home. On his return, he addressed a note to me, requesting that I would call without delay and see him; and he added—"Any American, especially any one belonging to the State of New York, *which has abolished slavery*, will always be welcome to the study of Alexander Von Humboldt."

I called at his lodgings some time in the forenoon, and found him at home, disengaged, and ready to receive me. He approached me with great simplicity and apparent cordiality, and had nothing

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of the air even of a stranger. He had the appearance of a man of sixty-five; and if I mistake not, this was actually about his age; but he was rapid in his movements, and seemed scarcely to have lost the vigour and elasticity of youth. He had a benignant, genial sort of look, and a winning and courteous manner, which would have made you wish to know more of him, if you had met him as a stranger in a stage-coach. He was one of the most rapid and earnest talkers I ever heard. It was wonderful the rapidity with which he passed from one subject to another. There were various matters concerning which he wished to inquire; but he manifested a degree of familiarity with everything American, that would have led me to suppose that he had spent no small part of his life in this country. He talked about slavery, in common with everybody else whom I saw, but he seemed to take a calm and reasonable view of the subject; and, contrary to my expectations, after the hint contained in his note to me, reprobated the violent denunciations in which many were prone to indulge. He seemed to be aware of our national infirmities, while yet he was not at all disposed to magnify them; and he did not hesitate to say that there was very much in our form of government that he admired, and that he could not doubt that Providence had designed that we should work out for ourselves a glorious destiny. He remarked that he had had a pleasant acquaintance with several of

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my distinguished countrymen, and especially with Mr. Everett, of whose talents and attainments he spoke in no measured terms of praise. The time that I was with him passed so pleasantly that I made a longer call than I was aware of; and the servant at length came and notified him that the hour had arrived when he had another engagement. He told me that he was engaged to dine that day with the King, and, as the King's dinner-hour was early, he was under the necessity of excusing himself. He took leave of me with many expressions of good will, and assured me that he should be glad to do anything in his power, during my stay in Berlin, that would contribute to my gratification.

I learned, from the best authority, that Humboldt was on the most intimate terms with the King; that he was accustomed to dine with him as often as once or twice a week; and that he was, probably more than any other person, his counsellor and confidant. I was assured, moreover, that his habits were at once most studious and most active; and that most of his time was spent in his study, and very few hours out of the twenty-four were spent in sleep. His brother William, who had died a short time before, was commonly regarded, at Berlin, as the greater man of the two. I heard it said that the King placed such unlimited confidence in his judgment, that he scarcely ever thought of appealing from it.

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Next to Neander, the Professor at Berlin, of whom I saw most, was RITTER, the celebrated Geographer—supposed, as I was informed, to be the greatest man in his way then upon the stage. I had a letter of introduction to him, which I found he was every way disposed to honour; and, during the whole time that I was in Berlin, scarcely a day passed that did not bring to me some fresh testimony of his good will. When I first called upon him, I found him in his study, with several large and beautiful maps lying open on the table before him, which, I believe, had been made by his own hand; and he remarked pleasantly in reference to it, that I had found him riding his hobby. He was a man of a large frame, quite thickly set, with a correspondingly large face, and a fine, open, honest expression. As he spoke English readily, I conversed with him on various subjects of interest, and found him equally intelligent and communicative. I was gratified particularly to find that he seemed to be an earnest and devout Christian. He expressed to me the greatest admiration of Humboldt's character, and considered him a model for all who would attain the highest degree of intellectual culture. I had the pleasure of attending one of his lectures on Comparative Geography. When I first entered the room, there were scarcely more than half a dozen students; but the number gradually increased, until it rose to nearly an hundred. I observed that whenever a student came in after the lecture had commenced, he had

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to pay a penalty for it, by being *'scraped"* by the rest of the class. Professor Ritter, though not particularly graceful as a lecturer, was yet entirely at home, and he often illustrated what he was saying by turning round and making an outline on the black-board. Though so many years have passed since I saw him, there are few European faces that are more familiar to me, and few among all the acquaintances that I made, whom I remember with a feeling of deeper gratitude.

I carried a letter from Professor Gaussen, of Geneva, to the Pastor HENRY, one of the most distinguished clergymen in Berlin, and a man of great general influence in both the Church and civil society. He had married the daughter of a very celebrated statesman, and partly by this means, but chiefly by his great talents and eminent virtues, had acquired an influence which, it was said, reached even to the throne. He was rather a large man, of great personal dignity, and if I could judge from what I saw of him, unusually grave in his conversation. He was then busy with his great work on Calvin, which seemed chiefly to occupy his time and engross his thoughts. He had made a visit to Geneva not long before, in order thoroughly to explore every source of authentic information in respect to the great Reformer.

I made the acquaintance of Professor RAUMEUR, the celebrated historian, who has since visited me in

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this country. He had then just published a Book of Travels in England, which formed a frequent topic of conversation, and which, in all the circles into which I was thrown, seemed to be highly approved. I attended one of his lectures on History. His class was small; I think, not exceeding twenty-four. His lecture seemed to be extemporaneous, and his manner was as free and easy as it was in common conversation.

I was introduced to STEPHENS, the Professor of Philosophy; but as he could not speak English, and *professed* to be unable to speak French, I got not a word out of him that I could understand. His manners were very agreeable, and he had a good-natured, speaking countenance, so that I did not feel, after all, as if he was quite dumb. There was something truly venerable in his appearance, that reminded me somewhat of President Nott, of Union College.

I saw two or three very eminent Professors of Law. One of them was HITZIG, the great criminalist, to whom I had a letter from his particular friend, Baron Fouquet. He received me civilly enough; but I thought I discovered pretty soon that he had something more important on hand than to strain his noddle to talk English to an American clergyman; and, accordingly, he volunteered to give me a note to somebody else, who, he thought, could be of great

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service to me. I took the note, understanding well the reason why it was given to me; but I think I turned it to no account. Mr. Wheaton introduced me, also, to two other of the most distinguished professors of Law—namely, SAVIGNY and GANS. The former was, in his person and countenance, a truly noble specimen of a man. The latter was a strongly marked Jew; but was very lively and agreeable in conversation. I understood, however, that they had no sympathy with each other, and were heads of opposite parties. I believe Savigny was considered as having no superior in his department in Germany.

I must not omit to say, that I made the acquaintance of ENCKE, the great astronomer. He had been called to Berlin, from the University of Gotha, not long before, and had acquired a celebrity perhaps equal to that of any astronomer on the Continent. The newly-discovered planet had then recently been named for him. His personal appearance was far from being attractive—he was a short, clumsy looking man, with anything else, as it seemed to me, than an intellectual face; but it was only necessary to converse with him a few minutes, to find out that he was a highly intellectual, as well as agreeable, person. There was another great European astronomer then living, whom he was desirous that I should see; and it turned out that I had a letter to his grandson, by means of which I easily obtained an intro-

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duction to him. It was Dr. OLBERS, of Bremen. He was a most venerable man in his appearance, about eighty years of age, and had held the highest rank among astronomers for nearly half a century. Though he was almost sinking under the burden of years, and actually died soon after, he was as enthusiastically devoted to his favourite science as ever. He was a perfect gentleman of the old school, and had the most bland and engaging manners. I was sorry to hear it said, that he had probably never learned to "look through nature up to nature's God."

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XXI.

Samuel Rogers

AND

T. Campbell

THESE two stars in the firmament of poetry were shining, at the time of my visit in England, not indeed in their full strength, but with a degree of lustre that made them objects of general attraction. I spent about the same time with each of them, and my recollections of the two are about equally distinct.

I called at ROGERS' house, and, as he was not at home, left my letter of introduction, which was almost immediately answered by a note, inviting me to breakfast with him. I went at the specified time, and was received with equal dignity and hospitality. He had the appearance of a man of seventy; he was of about the middle height, stood perfectly erect, and had a face beaming with intelligence and good nature. His manners were at once dignified and graceful, and seemed to indicate both a gentle

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and thoughtful spirit. I found him living in splendid style, but quite alone, his servant being the only person besides himself whom I saw; and my impression was and is, that he was a bachelor, though of this I cannot be quite certain. His health was, at that time, perfectly good; though he told me that he never knew what health was till after he had passed fifty.

His parents were dissenters from the Established Church, and I suppose Unitarians; for he told me that he was baptized by Dr. Price, and seemed to have great veneration for his character. He did not say directly that he was an Unitarian himself; but, from some remarks that he made, I inferred that he was. In connexion with what he said about Dr. Price, he remarked that he had never known a great man who was not both simple and clear; that some person had told him that Dr. Franklin, so far at least as simplicity was concerned, was an exception to this general rule; but, that he had since been assured, by a lady who knew Dr. Franklin intimately, that simplicity was one of his most prominent characteristics. He talked a good deal of Washington Irving and Cooper, both of whom he knew well, and regarded as among the stars of our common English literature. His admiration for Robert Hall's genius was unbounded, though he said it had so happened that he had never heard him preach but once. He observed, apparently with a good deal of satisfaction, that in the room in

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which I was sitting, he had had the honour to receive three who had been presidents of the United States, besides Mr. Van Buren, who, he supposed, was destined to add one to the number. After breakfast, he asked me to go up stairs with him, that he might show me some of his literary curiosities; but then he said he must first feed his birds; and immediately, on throwing down some small bits of bread, some twenty birds or more, that were domesticated on his premises, came flying down and picked them up. He made some beautiful remarks upon their being so affectionate and loving towards him, and showed that he had himself strong domestic affections, though I saw nothing to indicate that he had any objects more considerable, or more knowing, than birds to fasten them upon.

On going up stairs, he brought out various literary relics of by-gone days, all of which were of great interest, and for some of which he had paid a very large price. His greatest treasure of this kind, however, was a document, which was framed, and hung up in his hall. It was nothing less than the written engagement between Milton and his publisher, which secured to the latter the right to print the Paradise Lost, on condition of his paying six pounds for each edition. For this document he told me he gave sixty pounds. It was written in a fair, beautiful hand, and I did not notice any dissimilarity between the body of the document and the signature. When I was mentioning the circumstance to a friend, after

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my return, he immediately suggested the difficulty, which, strange to say, had not previously occurred to myself, of supposing this to be a genuine autograph of Milton, inasmuch as he was, at the time, stone blind. I wrote at once to Rogers, asking him to explain. In due time I received an answer from him, of great interest, showing, from the history of the document that it *must* be authentic, and then stating that it was only the *signature* that was written by him; and that a man becomes so familiar with the writing of his own name, that if he has been accustomed to write it in a graceful hand, even blindness will not prevent his still doing so. The venerable poet still lives, and I think he must now have approached very near to ninety. An English friend of mine lately informed me that he retains much of his elasticity of mind, that he sometimes goes out to pass an evening with a friend, and is not much disposed to see signs of the blossoming of the almond tree.

I found CAMPBELL in very different circumstances, and evidently a very different man. He met me with great kindness, and very courteously said, two or three times over, that he felt flattered by my visit; and really I thought he had good reason to construe it into an expression of respect; for, in order to get to his apartments, I had to travel up four long flights of stairs, and then travel down one in another direction, which altogether made something

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of a journey. However, I quite forgot the pains which my visit had cost me, in the abundant pleasure which it yielded. I found him rather under the middle size, easy and quick in his movements, and very much like his picture, except, as he himself said, his picture had somewhat flattered him. His dress was so plain, I may say slovenly, that, on first meeting him, I was embarrassed in the same way that I was the first time I met John Quincy Adams—I was in doubt whether it was he or his servant. His room, too, though lined with books, had not, like the apartments of Rogers, the appearance of opulence. Indeed, I believe he was, at that time, literally poor; and he told me that he was obliged to get his living by writing, particularly by conducting the New Monthly Review. He stated that he had enlisted very zealously in behalf of the exiled Poles; that he had not only begged money for them out-and-out, but had sold for their benefit to certain ladies, several notes addressed to himself by Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, at the enormous rate of from ten to twenty pounds each; but he seemed to me to have grown rather sick of the enterprize. The great fire in New York had occurred just before, and some effort had been made in London for the relief of the sufferers; but he said that he thought it not at all in good taste, and it amounted to so very little, that it was really not much better than an insult. He had great quantities of manuscript lying around him, and he re-

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marked that it accumulated so rapidly that he was obliged every few days to have a regular *auto da fe.* He told me that he expected to be in Scotland at the time I had arranged to be there myself, and gave me his address in Glasgow, requesting me to call upon him. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years old, but did not, I believe, enjoy very vigorous health. He retained somewhat of the Scotch accent, though it could not be expected that it should be very marked, as he had been away from Scotland some thirty years. He had more vivacity than Rogers, but was, perhaps, less bland and dignified.

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XXII.

I HAD had some acquaintance with Dr. Gregory, by correspondence, before I saw him, and, therefore, did not anticipate meeting him as a stranger. I rode out one morning from London, seven miles, to Woolwich, Dr. Gregory's residence, on purpose to spend the day with him. He had been apprized of my intention to come at that time, and he received me with all the familiarity of an old friend. I had been accustomed to contemplate his face in his portrait, which he had previously sent me, and it was so exact a likeness that, when I saw the original, I could scarcely persuade myself that so perfect an idea as I had could have been gathered from a picture. He was not much above the medium height, but was rather inclined to be stout, and gave you the idea of a more than common degree of physical strength. If I had described him after I had been with him five minutes, I should

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have said that he was characterized by great simplicity of manner, entire freedom in conversation, excellent common sense, and a heart overflowing with kindness; and I should have given the same account of him when I left him, with this important addition—that his knowledge was vast and varied, and that he was a truly evangelical, devout, and earnest Christian.

As I was aware of his great intimacy with Robert Hall, I was particularly desirous to hear what he would *say* concerning him, though I already knew what he had *written*. He could hardly find language to convey any adequate idea of the estimate in which he held him as a man of intellect; and he evidently thought that he had not left upon earth so great and finished a mind as his own. He mentioned one singular characteristic of Hall's memory—that it was so exact for words that he could remember every word of a sermon just as he had preached it, though a long time might intervene. He said that, in conversation, Hall was remarkable for letting other people take the lead, and then—no matter what the subject might be—he would fall in, and gradually become very eloquent and powerful, sometimes perfectly overwhelming. He showed me the original manuscript of Hall's famous sermon on *infidelity*, for which he said he had been offered twenty pounds; and I noticed the substitution in pencil of the word *pierce* for *penetrate*—a well-known incident, I might almost say, in the

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nistory of English literature. He had a few of Hall's manuscript sermons, or rather outlines of sermons, one of which he gave me as a keepsake, and which I, of course, preserve as a great treasure. I am not aware that there is another on this side the Atlantic. He showed me, also, as a great curiosity, a book which contained many notes in the handwriting of John Bunyan, and which he had with him while he was writing his Pilgrim's Progress in Bedford Jail.

I incidentally mentioned to Dr. Gregory, that Robert Hall had professed to me a degree of faith in ghosts and other supernatural demonstrations, that rather surprised me. The Doctor, without saying directly that he was a convert to the same doctrine, immediately stated several facts, which he said had come within his knowledge, that gave me reason to infer it; one or two of which were so remarkable, that I will venture to relate them upon his authority. He said there was a little girl living in his neighbourhood, who was, at a certain time, greatly distressed by an impression that her brother had died in India. They tried to laugh her out of it; but she kept on weeping from day to day. At length, to the great surprise of the family, the intelligence came that he was dead; and while all the rest were overwhelmed with the tidings, the little girl seemed quite indifferent. When she was reproached by her mother for her apparent insensibility, she replied that *she* knew of his death at the

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time it occurred, and that she had had time to recover from the effect of it; and they found, upon recollection, that the time which she had mentioned was the very time of his death. A similar case occurred, at a later period, in respect to her father, who professed to be incredulous concerning her impressions. When he was going away to join the army, he charged her not to communicate to her mother any impression she might have in respect to him. Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, she suddenly burst into tears, and appeared quite inconsolable. The family inquired the cause, but she evaded. The next morning, as she saw an officer coming with letters, she uttered a shriek. He, however, passed the gate; and, as he passed, she was heard to say—"Thank God—is it possible!" But immediately another officer came, bringing the tidings of her father's death.

Dr. Gregory told me that the great mathematician, Bonycastle, had formerly occupied the house in which he himself then lived; and, on a certain occasion, Mrs. Bonycastle and her daughter both saw Mrs. B.'s brother, who was known to be at a distance, going down stairs—the stairs to which Dr. Gregory then pointed me. Bonycastle laughed at them, but still noted the time, to see if anything disastrous occured; in due time the intelligence came, that that moment, so far as could be ascertained, was the moment of the brother's death. Bonycastle and his wife, Dr. Gregory said, were both infidels; though

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he was not without severe compunction. The Doctor once saw him when he was very ill; and his wife rebuked him for complaining, and bid him look to his philosophical principles for support. He replied, "Philosophy is good for nothing now, my dear; Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me." She accounted for the remark, by saying that his mind was evidently wandering. He had once been a member of an evangelical church, but had become an apostate. Dr. Gregory did his utmost to reclaim him, but he found that his influence was entirely neutralized by a club of infidels in London, with whom Bonycastle had unfortunately become associated.

I had supposed, before my personal acquaintance with Dr. Gregory, that he was a low-church Episcopalian; but, instead of that, I found that he was an open-communion Baptist. He was, however, a truly liberal Christian, and evinced a cordial sympathy with all who were striving for the common cause of truth and righteousness. He said he felt quite at home in any denomination that recognized what he considered the leading truths of the Gospel; though, as a matter of convenience, he and his family attended the Episcopal Church. Bishop McIlvaine had visited him, while he was in England, and he had formed a strong attachment to him, and thought him an admirable model of a Bishop. He had been greatly afflicted, not long before, by the sudden death of a son, I think, by drowning; and he adverted to the event with great solemnity, and

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yet with much apparent submission. He said he had spent months in inquiring wherefore the Lord had thus afflicted him. The only members of his family whom I saw, were his wife and one daughter; both of whom were ladies of fine intellect, engaging manners, and apparently of ardent piety.

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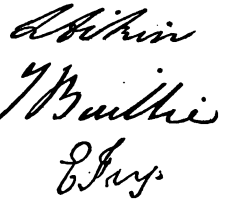
XXIII.



THE residence of Miss Lucy Aiken was at Hampstead, some four or five miles from the heart of London. One of her intimate friends, Mr. R., from whom also I received great kindness, offered me an introduction to her; and, as she was one of the lionesses of the day, I gladly availed myself of it. I found her dwelling, after a little more than half an hour's ride, and, on sending in my letter, was immediately invited into the parlour, where she was sitting with an elderly gentleman, to whom I was not introduced. As there was no excess of cordiality in her manner of receiving me, I could not but suspect that she would have been easily reconciled to any providence that had kept me away; however, as I was actually there, I thought the best thing I could do, both for her and myself, was to make my call as brief as would consist with decency.

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She was rather short and stout in her person, seemed to be about fifty years old, and had a countenance more bright and intelligent than gentle and lovely. Her manners were characterized by great directness, and there was a straightforward, business-like air about her, amounting sometimes even to abruptness, which was fitted to make one almost regret that she belonged to the gentler sex. She began almost immediately to talk about Dr. Channing, and her admiration of his writings and reverence for his character seemed to know no bounds. I found that she was in habits of correspondence with him, and seemed annoyed that it had been a long time since he had written to her. She spoke of several Americans with respect; but Dr. Channing was the only one, so far as I could judge, who had made much impression upon her. She talked a good deal about a controversy which was then going forward in London, between the Unitarians and the Orthodox—I think on the subject of Lady Hewley's charities; and, though she did not express a very decisive opinion in respect to it, I could see clearly that she leaned to the side of the Unitarians; which, certainly, was not strange, as she was understood to be strongly attached to that denomination. She spoke incidentally of her near relative, Mrs. Barbauld, but said nothing that gave me any new ideas of her character. She rendered a very strong testimony also in favour of her neighbour, Miss Joanna Baillie, and seemed to speak as if she was quite her *beau ideal*

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of a woman. I left her, not at all wondering that she should have written the Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, but feeling that her character would not have suffered by a more liberal infusion of feminine grace and gentleness.

Miss BAILLIE lived within perhaps a hundred rods of Miss Aiken, and it was at *her* house that I made my next call. She was then seventy-two years of age; and her sister, who was living with her, could not have been much younger. In everything, except vigour of mind and intelligence, she was quite the opposite of Miss Aiken. She was rather tall and slender in her person, and there was more of benignity than of high intellect expressed in her countenance. She had a quiet, gentle, and yet exceedingly lady-like manner, and the spirit of benevolence seemed to come out in everything that she said and did. One of her friends in London had written her of my intended visit, and she said that they had expected me for a day or two, and had been staying at home that they might not miss me—which I very well understood to mean, that I might not miss *them*. She told me that she had lived in London and its neighbourhood for about half a century; and when I remarked to her that she had not lived there long enough to lose entirely her Scottish accent, she said "No;" she believed that that never happened after a person was twenty years old. She told me that her father was Professor of Theology

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in the University of Glasgow, and with great reverence pointed me to his portrait, which hung in another room. She expressed her regret that she had never seen Hannah More, though she considered her as one of the brightest lights of her generation, or of any other. She talked with great enthusiasm, also, concerning Dr. Chalmers; but she was evidently far from subscribing to some of his opinions. She spoke of the Scottish Church with great reverence, and greatly preferred it to the English I could see that she had some partiality for the system of patronage, and she expressed her apprehension that the reform might be carried to an injurious extreme. She had, a short time before, published two plays, which were just then being acted at the different theatres. She had intended that they should be posthumous, and be edited by her nephew; but, as he was threatened seriously with a decline, and it had become very doubtful whether he would survive her, she determined to send them forth during her lifetime. She said nothing in my hearing from which I could infer what were her religious opinions; but it was well understood that she was an Arian. She professed to have examined the Scriptures with great care, and, as the result, to have given up her faith in the proper divinity of the Saviour. Her character seemed to be a beautiful compound of intelligence, loveliness, and venerable simplicity.

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At the time of my visit in England, there were few persons, male or female, who were in greater repute, especially in the walks of philanthropy, than Mrs. Fry. It was quite an object with me to obtain an introduction to her, and I succeeded in accomplishing it with great ease. She was a noble—I should say, a splendid looking woman; considerably above the ordinary height, and of a remarkably symmetrical form; with a countenance indicative of great vigour of mind, and strength of purpose, and with a general air and bearing more dignified and impressive than I have often met with in a lady. Withal, her face expressed great benevolence; and, when I knew that it was Mrs. Fry with whom I was conversing, it seemed to me that she looked exactly as a person of her character might be expected to look. Her great mission, at that time, was reading the Scriptures once or twice a week to the wretched inmates of Newgate. I was very desirous of being present at one of those readings; and, as soon as she knew my wish, she assured me that it should be gratified. Accordingly, by previous appointment, I met her at the prison, and witnessed one of the most interesting and impressive services at which I have ever been present. I entered the prison just as the female prisoners were going up into the room where Mrs. Fry was to meet them. There were about forty, all decently and uniformly dressed, and nearly every one having in her hand a Bible. They had all been tried and sen-

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tenced for some crime or other, and most of them had been taken from the streets—the very refuse of society. Several of them had babies in their arms, that were playful and smiling in their unconscious degradation. Mrs. Fry read the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the thirteenth Psalm; commenting a little upon each with great propriety and feeling. Nothing could have been more appropriate and beautiful than her manner of reading. I could not imagine that Dr. Mason himself—perhaps the finest model of a reader which the American pulpit has furnished—ever read the twelfth chapter of Romans more impressively than Mrs. Fry did on that occasion. And it had its effect upon other minds than mine; for I saw some, who looked like veterans in crime, burying their faces in their hands, as if overwhelmed with compunction at least, if not with penitence. At the close of the reading, which, in connexion with the comments that accompanied, and a brief exhortation that followed it, lasted, perhaps, three-quarters of an hour, the different monitors (one from each ward) came up successively and rendered in their account; and all the reports, with one or two exceptions, were very good. There was a young gentleman who came in to see Mrs. Fry, just after the exercise had closed, who looked very modest and retiring; but I was surprised to find that it was a noble lord, who took the deepest interest in her philanthropic enterprise. She gave me a most interesting account of her labours, and

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assured me that she had good reason to believe that the Word of God, as read by her, had been the power of God to the salvation of a goodly number of those wretched beings. I perceived that all her movements towards them were kind and winning, and their treatment of her seemed most deferential and grateful. I did not think it strange that the Emperor Alexander should have pronounced her one of the wonders of the age. Though she talked with the Quaker precision, the style of her conversation was worthy of the court. She wished me to visit her at her house, but I could not. She, however, sent me a little book, containing an account of her self-denying labours, and gave me also a letter of introduction to her brother, Joseph John Gurney, whom she wished me to visit at Norwich. It is several years since she has passed away; but the record of her good deeds will pass away—never.

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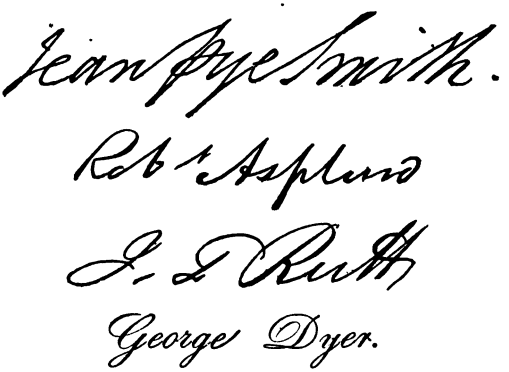
XXIV.



ON my first visit to England, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. SMITH, though it was but once or twice that I met him, and my intercourse with him was only sufficient to make me deeply regret that it could not be more extended. On my return to London, after a number of years, I was glad of an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with him, and the more so, as he had been steadily advancing in influence and reputation; and his name, by that time, was scarcely less honoured in our country than in his own. I availed myself of an early opportunity to call upon him, and he very pleasantly recognized our former acquaintance, and expressed a wish that I would give him as much of

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my time during my stay in the neighbourhood as should suit my convenience.

Dr. Smith was rather slender in person, and yet exceedingly well formed, with a face remarkable for the harmonious blending of different qualities, and especially for delicacy of expression. Had I only seen him without knowing who he was, I think I should have been more impressed with the moral than the intellectual, and should have imagined that he had rather a beautiful mind than a powerful one; that he was rather a student than a genius; but every one knows, that he was not only a great scholar, but an earnest and vigorous thinker. In approaching you at first, there was a sort of modest reserve, which, however, soon wore off, and revealed to you a truly benignant spirit, high intellectual endowments, and a thoroughly accomplished gentleman. There was something in his personal appearance that did not leave it to your choice whether to respect and honour him or not—the impression that he was a man of distinguished worth was, from the beginning, irresistible; and it must have been no ordinarily debased type of humanity that could have even meditated a wound upon his refined and generous sensibilities. Dr. Smith, at the time to which I now refer, had become exceedingly deaf, so that it was not without some difficulty that he could bear his part in ordinary conversation. He had been, for a year or two, labouring under some serious malady, which, it was supposed, for some time, would

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prove fatal; but it had finally yielded, in a measure, to the use of stimulants, to which, however, he had consented only as a last resort, and with the greatest reluctance.

The subject which, more than any other, occupied Dr. Smith at that time, was the great question of the union of Church and State; which was felt then, as it is now, in deep and ominous vibrations to the very heart of the nation. Perhaps no voice among the Dissenters was lifted up with more power or more effect, on this exciting subject, than his; but, while he was bold and earnest, he never lost his dignity or self-command; and the most zealous churchman could not but do homage to his candour and ability. He seemed to think that we in this country had but a very inadequate sense of the value of our religious liberty; and that, if we could bear, for a single year, the burden which the English Dissenters had to bear all the time, we should prize our own privileges more, and feel a deeper sympathy for *them*. Dr. Smith expressed the kindest feelings towards our country, and great respect for some of our distinguished scholars and professors. He was in the habit of reading the *Theological Review*, then edited by the Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., and, though he was generally greatly pleased with the articles, he expressed decided dissatisfaction with one, on Christian Union, written by Bishop S———, which he thought indicated a wish to get rid of all sectarian differences,

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by merging all the different denominations in the Episcopal Church.

Dr. Smith gave me an interesting account of the service to which his chapel (the gravel-pit meeting) had been put, in the different periods of its history. It had been occupied by Dr. Price, whose ministrations were Arian; then by Dr. Priestley, previous to his coming to America; then by Belsham, then by Aspland, who was, at that time, one of the most popular Unitarian preachers in London; and finally by himself. It was somewhat remarkable that each of these distinguished Unitarians (unless Belsham was an exception, and I think he was not) was originally orthodox, and had preached the orthodox faith. ASPLAND started as a Baptist, and was an intimate friend, I believe a fellow student, of Dr. Cox, of Hackney. I saw Aspland, and found him altogether courteous and obliging, and evidently a man of commanding intellect. Of Dr. Cox and Dr. Smith he spoke in terms of great respect, and *that*, notwithstanding he regarded Dr. Smith as the great champion on the orthodox side of the Unitarian controversy. I understood that he had stated, that his first departure from orthodoxy originated in his being suspected by a Church clergyman of being an Arian; and that the same clergyman had cautioned him against Arianism, as being very unfavourable to pulpit eloquence!

Having alluded to Aspland, I cannot forbear to

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say a word about two other distinguished Unitarians, into whose company I was thrown. One of them was JOHN TOWELL RUTT, a man then verging towards four-score, the father-in-law of the celebrated Talfourd. One of my friends, who knew him intimately, assured me that he was a very remarkable man, and proposed to invite him to meet me at breakfast. He was uncommonly vigorous for his years, and seemed to know everybody that had lived, and everything that had happened, while he had been upon the stage. His face, though furrowed with years, was constantly lighted up with animation and benevolence. He had known Dr. Priestley most intimately, and was the author of his life, in three octavo volumes, of which he gave me a copy. He was, also, a warm friend and great admirer of Gilbert Wakefield; and when, as he spoke of him, I understood him to say, the Duke of Bedford, he replied, "You must allow me to say, Sir, that I think *that* a very great instance of the *bathos*." He told me that as I had fallen in with one Unitarian in himself, he was very desirous of introducing me to another—the celebrated GEORGE DYER, author of the Life of Robert Robinson, and several other works—who, he said, was decidedly a character. I readily consented to accompany him, though I had no idea what sort of a person I was to see, or what constituted the attraction. We were accompanied by Mr. R., the friend who had invited us to breakfast, and who also knew George

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Dyer well; and, on our way to his lodgings, I learned that he was distinguished as a highly gifted man and an author, but still more for his eccentricity. Mr. R. mentioned that he once met him in such a fit of absence that when he approached him, Dyer thought him a pickpocket, and began to make a vigorous defence of himself with his cane. He was an old man, not much short of eighty, had a remarkably benevolent face, and was stone blind. We kept him talking about old times and old things, and his connexion with the distinguished men of the preceding generation; and on every topic that was introduced he showed himself quite at home. He had been married in his old age to his laundress; and he incidentally paid her the compliment to say, that "she made him an excellent wife, but that, unfortunately, she could render him no assistance by reading or writing, as her education was very defective." When he spoke of something that he had intended to do before he was laid upon the shelf, Mr. Rutt said, referring to his publications, "But you did not go upon the shelf yourself till you had put some very valuable things there"—a compliment which the old gentleman evidently did not disrelish. He was remarkably affectionate in his manner, and seemed unwilling to let go of my hand; and finally he said, much to my surprise, "You are a *Unitarian* minister, are you not?" As I answered in the negative, Mr. Rutt added facetiously—"Though he is not a Unitarian, his

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orthodoxy does not prevent his walking the streets with us." Neither Dyer nor Rutt survived many years after I saw them. Aspland, too, is no longer among the living. Indeed, a large part of those whose acquaintance I made less than twenty years ago, have passed the dark boundary.

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XXV.

Josiah Pratt

AND

Thos. H. Horne

I HAD become interested in the character of Mr. PRATT, chiefly as the biographer of Cecil; but had heard of him through other channels as one of the most respectable and excellent ministers of the Church of England. I had no difficulty in getting an introduction to him, and I gladly accepted an invitation from him to breakfast. He was rather a thick, portly man, and his countenance and manner evinced great sincerity and benevolence. Nothing about him, however, was more remarkable than his piety. He was social and cheerful, and did not scruple a pleasant anecdote; but nobody, who noticed the tenor of his conversation, could doubt that his affections were strongly fixed upon Heaven. He was at that time sixty-eight years old, seemed to be in his full vigour, and preached at least once every Sabbath. His general appearance and man-

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ner reminded me forcibly of the excellent Dr. Milnor; and, unless I greatly mistake, there was a corresponding resemblance in their characters.

I was desirous of learning from him as much as I could concerning Cecil; but, though he expressed the utmost admiration of his character, I do not remember that he said anything that threw new light upon it. He talked more, I think, of the Venns than he did of Cecil. He told me that the elder Venn (Henry) was a man of great exuberance of feeling, and was working a reformation in the Established Church, while Whitefield and Wesley were doing the same thing out of it; that the second Venn, (of Clapham,) whose sermons have obtained a good deal of celebrity, possessed a fine mind, but was of rather an indolent habit, and rarely began his preparation for the Sabbath till Saturday evening. He remarked that the memoir of Henry Venn had then lately been published by his grandson, who resided at High Gate; and that the reason why it had been so long delayed was, that he preached some time in Rowland Hill's chapel, and some of his relatives thought that was a circumstance which would not bear to be stated. Mr. Pratt introduced me to his son, who was then a curate, and I am not sure but that he was officiating in the same church with his father.

With Mr. HORNE, the author of the Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, I had had

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some correspondence, and, therefore, felt at liberty to call upon him without an introduction. He was rather below the middle size; was very bald, and had an agreeable, but not particularly striking, face. As everybody has a hobby, I quickly found that his was nothing less than the "Anglican Church as the great bulwark of Protestanism." He seemed gratified to know that his work had found so much favour in this country, and gave me somewhat in detail its history, from its inception to its completion. He said nothing which indicated that he bore any ill-will towards the Dissenters; but the Roman Catholic Church he regarded as a mere nest of abominations, and had no doubt that Protestantism had yet to fight a mighty battle. He lived in a plain but agreeable way, and his family consisted of his wife and daughter, one or more of his children having, not long before, been removed by death. He preached on the evening of the day that I dined with him, and I attended the service. His sermon, which was on the fall and recovery of Peter, was plain, but sensible and excellent. It was closely read, unaccompanied, so far as I remember, with either gesture or much apparent fervour. The reading of the service by some curate was bad enough, but the reading of the hymns by the clerk cast all other monotonies that ever fell upon my ear into deep shade. The church was in Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street—a very dark street in the heart of London but it was a fine old piece of architecture,

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and bore marks of the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Horne must, I think, be one of the most industrious men living. Besides performing all the duties of a parish minister, he had an office in the British Museum, which kept him there six or eight hours of each day, and, in addition to all this, had done more through the press than almost any of his cotemporaries.

Mr. Horne seemed to me to possess a truly liberal spirit, and to feel a deep interest in all that was doing by Christians of different communions for the advancement of the common cause of truth and righteousness. He is truly a self-made man, and has risen to his present eminence by dint of long-continued and unremitted effort. I found him extremely obliging, and more than willing to minister to my gratification in every way he could. I occasionally correspond with him, and am always delighted to get a letter dated "St. Nicholas' Rectory."

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XXVI.

MY first introduction to this venerable man was within a few days after my arrival in London, in 1828. I had no letter to him; but was casually introduced to his son, and through him to the whole family. Stranger as I was, they immediately invited and even urged me to give up my lodgings, and make my abode with them during my sojourn in London; and, though I had many misgivings on the score of delicacy, considering especially the manner of my introduction to them, I was finally induced to forego my scruples and accept their hospitality. It was a most fortunate circumstance in the history of my travels; for it was not only the means of my being domesticated for several weeks in one of the most delightful families I have ever known, on either side of the water, but it secured to me many valuable acquaintances in different parts of England, and gave to my whole visit an interest as intense as it was unexpected.

Mr. WILSON, when I first saw him, must have

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been about sixty-four or sixty-five years of age. He was, I think, fully of the middle height, and every way well proportioned. He had what might be called a fine face, evincing at once a thoughtful and reflecting mind, and an ingenuous and kindly spirit. His manners were more remarkable for frankness and benevolence than for artificial polish; though he could nowhere have been mistaken for any other than a well-bred gentleman. He was very sociable, and much of his conversation was of a serious kind, having a direct bearing on the progress of Christianity in the world; but he always seemed cheerful, and had, evidently, a keen relish for a good anecdote. Most of the anecdotes which he told, however, were illustrative of the peculiarities, the trials, or the success, of some of the clergymen of a former generation.

Mr. Wilson's history is one of uncommon interest, and is perhaps more intimately connected with the progress of religion among the English Dissenters, than that of any other man of his day. He was a native of London, and in his boyhood was a fellow-pupil with Rogers, the poet, in a school at Newington Green. When he was about fourteen or fifteen, he was apprenticed to the business of a silk manufacturer; and, at the age of twenty-one, he became a partner in that business with his father. His mind was much directed to serious subjects from his childhood; and the good impressions which were made under the parental roof are supposed to have

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been deepened by the influence of the Rev. Timothy Priestley, brother of Dr. Joseph Priestley, with whom he was, for a while, in somewhat intimate relations. About the time his apprenticeship closed, he became connected with the Tabernacle, in London, where Matthew Wilks officiated for so many years. The preaching here, though deeply evangelical and experimental, was of a free and easy sort, and probably contributed much to form Mr. Wilson's taste; for while he required that every sermon should penetrate to the very marrow of the Gospel, he had no patience with anything like self-display in the pulpit, and could, I believe, more easily tolerate excessive freedom than excessive formality. I remember his giving me a pleasant hit on the subject of my preaching from a manuscript, and expressing the opinion that the best place for a minister to carry his sermon is in his heart.

About the year 1794, Andrew Fuller, the celebrated Baptist minister, went to London to preach in different churches, with a view to collect funds for the Baptist Missionary Society, at that time in its infancy. Mr. Wilson was greatly struck with his preaching, and especially with his impressive illustrations of the great duty of Christian beneficence. Though he had not previously been unmindful of his obligations on this subject, this seems to have marked an epoch in his experience; and, to say the least, it had much to do in determining the direction of his future life. Accordingly, the next year

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(1795), he assisted in forming the London Missionary Society, and was chosen one of its first Directors. Two or three years after, being now quite independent in his worldly circumstances, he retired from active business with a view to devote himself entirely to the cause of Christian benevolence, especially in connexion with Hoxton Academy—a well-known Dissenting institution for the education of young men for the ministry. This was one of the favourite objects of his life; and while he gave most liberally of his time and his money to sustain it, he always exercised a paternal guardianship over the pupils, and suffered no opportunity to pass unimproved for aiding, especially, their spiritual growth. He had definite and well-considered views of every part of ministerial duty, and he even published a tract, containing his views, which, I believe, has passed through several editions. In 1799, he was chairman of the meeting that resolved to form the (London) Tract Society; and he continned a member of the committee of that Society until 1806, when he resigned his place for the sake of giving more of his time to other objects. He had a hand, also, in originating the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1804, and was always found among its efficient auxiliaries till the close of life. But that which may be said to have emphatically constituted his mission, was the repairing of old chapels, or the building of new ones, in almost every part of England. Having had a large accession to his fortune, by means of

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a legacy, some years after he retired from secular business, he was able, without embarrassment, to meet almost innumerable exigences of this kind; and he was constantly upon the look-out for such opportunities of exercising his benevolence. He lived in no more expensive style than his general relations to society demanded; regarding himself constantly in the character of a steward, and his property in the light of a deposit.

Mr. Wilson, though not educated for the ministry, occasionally performed the functions of a preacher. The first instance of it occurred in this way—He was stopping at some place where the celebrated James Haldane was expected to preach; but, being prevented from fulfilling his engagement, he urged Mr. Wilson to take his place. Mr. Wilson consented to the proposal, though not without much reluctance; but he was so well satisfied with the freedom and success of his effort, that he was not unwilling to repeat the experiment; and the result was that he preached whenever he thought there was a special occasion for it, and for some time took his turn regularly with several of the London ministers in preaching to the inmates of the Female Penitentiary. I did not hear him preach, but understood that he was very evangelical in his teachings, and simple and earnest in his manner.

What interested me more than perhaps anything else in Mr. Wilson's conversation, was his copious reminiscences of the great men, especially the dis-

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tinguished ministers, who had passed off the stage. For Whitefield's memory he had an almost unbounded reverence. I think he had no distinct recollections of him, though he was taken in his infancy to see him on a certain occasion, when he preached in the Tabernacle; but his early associations, as well as his later tastes and convictions, were all in favour of Whitefield's preaching. He was well acquainted with John Berridge, Whitefield's intimate friend, and in many respects a kindred spirit. He thought highly, too, of John Wesley; and remembered well what deep and extensive mourning there was when his death occurred, and he was laid out in his gown and bands. He had heard John Newton preach, and represented him as the very personification of evangelical sincerity and earnestness; but, if my memory serves me, he had no personal acquaintance with him. Dr. Bogue, Dr. Balfour, of Glasgow, the accomplished and devout Cecil, and many others, he was able to describe in a manner which left me in no doubt of the correctness of his recollections, while it evinced his high appreciation of their characters.

Mr. Wilson, at some period of his life, published a selection of Hymns for social worship. There is also from his pen a tract on Baptism; in which he maintains the position, that all parents believing the Divine authority of the Christian religion, and attending the means of religious instruction, may require baptism for their children, even though

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they may not consider themselves as regenerate persons. The mode of administering the ordinance which he thought most scriptural, was by affusion; though, in the case of infants, he thought that sprinkling was both allowable and expedient.

When I returned to London, eight years after my first visit, I found my venerable friend as hospitable, and cheerful, and almost as active as ever. The objects for which he was labouring were the same which had so constantly occupied his time and thoughts during my previous visit; though it seemed to me that his affections were still more firmly fixed upon Heaven. His wife, a highly cultivated, amiable, benevolent, and devout person, was still alive—an efficient fellow-helper with her husband unto the kingdom of God. When we parted, it was with a full confidence that we should never meet again on earth. It was but a few years before death separated them, but they were quickly re-united in Heaven. They left two daughters, both wives of clergymen, and one son, who is a faithful representative of his father's public spirit and beneficence; and whom I am permitted still to reckon among my friends.

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XXVII.

J. J. Gurney

AND

A. Opie

AS I was stepping into the coach at Yarmouth, to go to Norwich, I was introduced to Dr. Yelloly, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a person of considerable note in the literary, and especially the medical, circles of Great Britain. He was going to Norwich, and thence to his residence at Woodton, a few miles beyond, where he had a splendid establishment. As he was well acquainted at Norwich, and knew that I was a stranger there, he volunteered to render me any service that I might need; and I availed myself very freely of his kindness. As his home lay in the direction in which I was to travel, he made me promise that, after my visit at Norwich, I would come and pass at least a night with him. I fulfilled my promise, and found myself in one of the most delightful families that I met in England. Though I was

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with them less than twenty-four hours, their cordial and whole-souled manner, and devoted attentions to me, left an impression upon my mind which time, as yet, has done nothing to efface. It was but a few years that they remained on the beautiful spot which they then occupied. I kept track of them for some time, but the last I knew of them was, that sad worldly reverses, sickness and death, had overwhelmed them with desolation. The family, as I knew it, consisted of the parents, and, I believe, six lovely and intelligent daughters, besides a son, who was an Episcopal clergyman; but how many, or whether any of them, survive to remember the bright and joyous days of their youth, I know not. My introduction to Dr. Yelloly was one of those little and (as we say) accidental, things, which one sometimes meets on a journey, but which lead to results that are never forgotten.

As Dr. Yelloly went with me to Norwich, so he called with me upon JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, whom we were fortunate enough to find at his counting-house; and this gave me the advantage of a double introduction, as I had already an introductory note from Mrs. Fry; and I found that she had informed him by a letter, of my intended visit. I never, in my life, felt the real dignity of the Quaker as I did on meeting him. When Dr. Yelloly mentioned my name, he gave me a most friendly shake of the hand, and said—"I knew thou wert coming by a letter from my sister, Elizabeth Fry, and now I

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welcome thee to Norwich, and hope thou wilt stay and make us a good visit." His residence was at Earlham, two miles out of the city. "And now," said he, "thou wilt go and dine with me at five o'clock; and *thou* wilt go too, John," (speaking to Dr. Yelloly,) "and I will send an invitation to John Alexander," (a Congregational clergyman, to whom I had a letter,) "also." His countenance beamed with generous kindness, and, from the moment that I first set eyes upon him, I felt that he was no common specimen of humanity. Everything that I saw of him afterwards, both in his own circle at home, and in this country, not only justified, but rendered still deeper and more definite, my first impression.

After leaving Mr. Gurney, the Doctor, my newly-acquired friend, proposed to me, before going to Mrs. Opie's, to call on Lady Smith, the widow of the late Sir James Edward Smith, the celebrated botanist, who was a person of high endowments, and, I think, was her husband's biographer. She was extremely lady-like and affable, and took from me at once all sense of the stranger. She quite found fault with me for having arranged for so short a visit, and said she regretted that I could not stay long enough to give her the opportunity of inviting some of her friends to meet me. I made some reference to Miss Joanna Baillie, whom I had seen a few days before, and she remarked that Miss Baillie had lately published a small work, from which it

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appeared that she was an Arian; and this led us to some conversation on the general subject of Unitarianism. She seemed to be exceedingly charitable towards differences of religious opinion, and thought it reasonable to expect that, in the progress of knowledge on all other subjects, there would be a corresponding progress in religion. I understood that Lady Smith had, at least, a nominal connexion with the Established Church, but was no great stickler for *all* the Thirty-nine Articles. She was altogether a splendid woman—splendid in her person, her manners, and her intellectual endowments; but somebody gave me a portrait of her—at least a portrait with her name under it—that looks as if she had just escaped from Bedlam.

From Lady Smith's we went to Mrs. OPIE'S. I had previously had some communication with her by letter, and we met almost as old friends. She did not seem to me to be a natural Quaker; and, though I saw before me the Quaker dress, and heard the *thee* and *thou*, she was so bright and cheerful—I might almost say, gay—that it really required an effort for me to believe that her Quakerism was a matter of sober reality. However, she really was a *bona fide* member of the Society, and, I doubt not, a highly exemplary one, too; for, notwithstanding the buoyancy of her spirits, I had, afterwards, evidence that she was truly and deeply devout. Almost the first thing she said to me after I met her was, pointing to an American volume of

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sermons that lay on the table, "There, I am in the habit of reading that book to my servants on *first-day* evening." As she knew that I had just come from the Continent, she made many inquiries concerning my tour; and then gave me many interesting particulars of a visit which she had made, not long before, at Paris. She was a short, stout person, and seemed to me then to be verging towards sixty; but she was, evidently, extremely youthful in her feelings, and all her faculties were in their full vigour. As this was Saturday, she requested me to dine with her on Monday; and when I told her that my engagements would not permit it, she invited me to breakfast; and that invitation I accepted.

I went, agreeably to appointment, to dine with Mr. Gurney. He lived in a fine old mansion, which had been, and, for aught I know, was then, in possession of a branch of Lord Bacon's family; though, for the fifty years preceding, it had been occupied by the Gurneys. Mr. Gurney immediately showed me into *my* room, as he called it, where there was a good fire, and every preparation made for my passing the night; but I had made such previous arrangements that I was obliged to deny myself the proffered hospitality. Mr. Gurney was at that time a widower, and his family consisted of two children—a son and a daughter, his sister, and the sister of his late wife; and he had also two or three highly intelligent female friends passing a

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little time with him. A more lovely or intelligent domestic circle, I know not that it has ever been my privilege to see; it was the highest style of social refinement, of intellectual and moral culture, qualified by the beautiful simplicity of a truly devout Quakerism. They did me the honour to talk, most of the evening, of my country, and nothing was said even about slavery itself, that I could not cordially respond to; for they manifested no sympathy with the ultras, and reprobated the course of George Thompson, whose first remarkable mission to this country had just before terminated, as evil in itself, and disastrous in its tendency; while, at the same time, they looked upon slavery as our great national calamity. Mr. Gurney gave me a very interesting account of Dr. Bathurst, then Bishop of Norwich. He represented him as an uncommonly calm, amiable, and gifted man, and, in the main, evangelical in his theology; while, as a classical scholar, he had few superiors; and, as a specimen of his attainments in Greek, he mentioned that he was able, at one time, to repeat the whole of Homer's Iliad. He showed me a quarto manuscript volume of considerable size, containing the record of his conversations with various distinguished individuals, but more particularly with Dr. Chalmers, with whom he was on very intimate terms, during a winter he spent in Edinburgh for the benefit of his health. As he perceived that I was much interested in the parts of the book that I had time to glance at, he

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intimated that, perhaps, he might have a copy of it made for me; and though I could, of course, do nothing but discourage it, as it could not be the work of less than a month, I found, when I reached Liverpool, some two months after, that he had carried out his purpose, and had sent me a beautiful copy of the book, with a kind inscription to me, at the beginning. He spoke with great reverence and affection of Wilberforce, with whom he had an almost fraternal intimacy, and showed me many letters from him, that evinced that the attachment was mutual. It was a delightful evening that I passed at Earlham, and one to which my mind never reverts but with gratitude and pleasure.

The next day was the Sabbath, and I preached once in a very old Independent Chapel—the same in which the Rev. Thomas Scott had preached statedly a century or more previous. I refer to the Thomas Scott who was one of Doddridge's most intimate friends—whose daughter Doddridge tried to marry, but could not; though she subsequently became the wife of Colonel Williams, of Connecticut, who was then on a visit to England, and who had previously been Rector of Yale College. A tablet to the memory of this old gentleman was directly behind me, as I stood in the pulpit; and his hand-writing was perfectly familiar to me, from having read many of his letters, which his daughter brought with her when she came to America. I was introduced, at the close of the service, to a Mr.

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Youngman, son-in-law of the celebrated Thomas Harmer, the author of the work illustrating Scripture by Oriental usages. This Mr. Youngman was a highly intelligent man, and an author of considerable reputation. I dined with him that day, by his request, and discovered, in the course of our conversation, that he did not admit the divine obligation of the Sabbath under the Christian dispensation.

On Monday morning I went with Mr. Alexander, with whose delightful family I was domesticated, to Mrs. Opie's to breakfast. She had invited three or four other friends, among whom was her very particular friend, Mr. Gurney. As Mr. Alexander and myself were there a little before the rest, and were speaking of the delightful Saturday evening we had passed at Earlham, Mrs. Opie brought out a pencil sketch of Mr. Gurney—a most perfect likeness—which she had taken a little while before, and gave it to me. Almost immediately upon her doing so, the door opened, and Mr. Gurney made his appearance. She immediately turned to him with great good nature, and said, "Here, Joseph, see what I am doing—I have given thee away without thy consent." He cast a shrewd look at her and at the sketch, and said, with a characteristic air that I can never forget, "Amelia multiplies me upon the face of the earth"—alluding to the fact that she had taken several similar sketches before. When we sat down to the table, as the Quakers were in the ascendant, we had a silent grace, of course; but I

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must confess that such a pause for each individual to lift his heart to Heaven, was, to me, exceedingly impressive. After breakfast, Mr. Gurney proposed that we should have a chapter in the Bible read before we separated; and he himself read one with great pathos, and followed it with a most appropriate, touching, and richly evangelical prayer. He then made a direct address to me, alluding particularly to a passage which he had just read, in respect to the anointing of the Spirit, and tendering me his most affectionate Christian salutations. After we retired from the breakfast-room, he made another demonstration of kindness, to which I do not feel at liberty more particularly to refer, but which showed the most delicate consideration, as well as the most princely munificence.

Some years after I parted with this noble-minded and noble-hearted Quaker, with the expectation of never meeting him again, I had the pleasure and the honour to welcome him to my own dwelling. Every body knows that his visit to this country was one of great interest, and that he performed here important labours of love. Sometime after he arrived, he wrote me of his purpose to visit me, and expressed a wish to hold a public religious meeting in the neighbourhood. With the full concurrence of the Session, I heartily offered him the use of our own church. He came at the time appointed, bringing with him three sturdy, veteran Quakers, to share silently, if not actively, the exercises of the even-

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ing. The meeting had been previously notified, and a very good audience was assembled. My venerable friend and his coadjutors walked into the pulpit together, and sat down in devout silence. It was a spectacle not to be forgotten—three or four broad-brimmed hats sitting majestically on the heads of their several owners, where no head not uncovered had ever before been seen. They sat for half an hour, and neither tongue nor spirit moved. I became uneasy lest the meeting should turn out a failure, at least to those who came to *hear*; and I supposed the wags might nickname it a Quaker farce. After about half an hour, however, utterance was given, and a more simple and fervent strain of evangelical eloquence I have rarely listened to. I should be glad to know that no Presbyterian church ever echoed to less fervent exhortations, or to a less scriptural theology.

Mr. Gurney's visit in my family was, in every respect, delightful. I had, not long before, been sadly bereaved, and my children were without a mother. For me and for them he manifested the tenderest sympathy. I asked him, the first evening that he was with me, whether he would choose to be present at our family devotions, and if so, whether he would feel willing to conduct them. He said he certainly should wish to be present, and *perhaps*, before he left us, he would once lead in the exercise. As I offered him the Bible the next morning, he asked me whether all my children were there, and I told him

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that all were except one, and him I had been obliged to send away upon an errand. He handed me back the Bible, and said, "I do not feel as if I could proceed unless that dear boy is here—do it in thine own way this morning, and perhaps I will take it to-morrow morning." The next morning, which was the last he spent with us, he sat down upon the sofa, and gathered the children around him in a semi-circle, and, after reading an appropriate chapter, addressed a few words of most affectionate counsel to each, with particular reference to the bereavement which they had sustained; then knelt down, and offered one of the most melting prayers to which I ever listened. He took leave of us shortly after, and, though he frequently wrote to me afterwards, I never had another meeting with him.

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XXVIII.

C. Simeon

AND

Saml Lee

THESE were the two persons in Cambridge whom I wished most to see, and I was fortunate in finding them both there; for Dr. Lee, spent the greater part of the year at Bristol. Shortly after my arrival in the place, I made my way to King's College, to find the venerable Mr. SIMEON, who had long been known to me through his "*Skeletons*," one of which, at least, I had seen exhibited from an American pulpit, with little more of flesh than he left upon it when it passed out of his hands. I had had the advantage of a little correspondence with him; but he did not know that I was in the country till my name was announced; and *when* it was announced, I heard him say, "It is impossible; I do not believe it." However, I quickly satisfied him of my identity, and he as quickly satisfied me of his kindness and hospitality.

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He must have been then verging towards eighty. In person he did not vary much from the medium size; his movements were quick and easy, his face bright and benevolent, and his whole manner such as to make me feel entirely at home. Indeed, his manners were so perfect that he seemed to have no manners—you felt the attraction without stopping to think what it was that attracted. Everybody knows that he stood for many years as one of the chief bulwarks of evangelical religion in the Established Church; and though, at one time, he was in such bad repute that scarcely anybody would attend upon his ministrations, and many treated him with open contempt, yet he lived to see the time when the announcement that he was to preach, even on an ordinary occasion, would draw a crowd. I had sent him, not long before, several of our American books, in most of which he professed to be deeply interested; but there was one (the Murray Street Lectures) which he did not like, and he wished to tell me honestly the reason. Said he, "A number of your ministers have undertaken in that work to show what they can do; and, though they have certainly displayed ability, I do not think that such preaching, continued through four thousand years, would ever convert a soul." I remarked to him that I supposed each individual felt himself called upon to make a great effort. "Yes," said he, very pleasantly, "it would seem to me like a great effort to keep out the Gospel." He spoke with much en-

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thusiasm of Jonathan Edwards; but he seemed to admire him rather for the pungency of his preaching than the depth of his metaphysics. Said he, "His preaching reminds me of a man holding another's nose to the grindstone, and turning with all his might, in spite of all objections and expostulations." Of Dr. Whewell, the author of one of the Bridgewater treatises, to whom I had a letter, he expressed the highest opinion, considering his work one of great depth and power, and scarcely, if at all, inferior to any in the series. There was a great degree of frankness about him; and I confess I thought I saw also a little of the vanity incident to old age; and, as he is beyond the reach of all earthly voices, whether of censure or of praise, I may perhaps be pardoned for bringing out some of the remarks in which this evidence of senility discovered itself. He told me that he preached not only every Sabbath, but every Thursday, and constantly prepared new sermons. He handed me the sermon that he had preached the preceding Sabbath, and when I remarked to him that it seemed to be short, "No, Sir," said he; "with the emphatic pauses that I make, *that* will occupy me fully three-quarters of an hour." He said that he had repeatedly been requested to prepare another set of sermons to preach to the University, but, up to a recent period, had declined on account of his age; that lately, however, he had found himself in possession of such an amount of intellectual energy, that he had actually con-

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sented to do so; that he had selected a subject of great depth, which had very rarely been treated—he might say, never, since the times of the Puritans; that he had mentioned it to nobody, and should not till the November succeeding, when the sermons would be preached; that he had written two and then burnt them, because they did not please him, and then a third, and burnt *it* for the same reason; but that he had finally completed the whole number (four) in a way which, he intimated, was quite satisfactory to himself. I remarked that I supposed they would be published, of course. He said, they doubtless would be, but not during his lifetime, though he should probably have many requests to publish them. He thought that it would be unfair towards those who had got all his other works, and that they would not be satisfied that there should be a supplement not in their possession." Before I parted with him, he invited me to dine with him the next day in the College, which I was more than willing to do, as well for the sake of gratifying my curiosity, as enjoying his company.

Having failed to see Dr. Whewell, he having gone to London, I walked to a part of the town called Hill Road, distant about a mile, in pursuit of Professor LEE, the great Oriental scholar, to whom I had an introductory letter. I succeeded in finding him, and he turned out to be one of the most simple, unassuming, and perfectly accessible great men whom I ever met. He was of about the middle size,

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was full of life and good humour, and resembled exactly the only portrait I have ever seen of him. He began almost immediately to inquire about Professor Stuart, and expressed surprise that he had not heard from him for a long time. He had sent him a parcel about seven years before, of which he had never had an acknowledgment, and which he suspected had never reached him; and, in the same connexion, he remarked, that he had sometimes had parcels of books addressed to him from the Continent, to the care of English booksellers, who had actually sold them, instead of forwarding them to him. He expressed some fears lest the growing taste for German literature in the United States should prove adverse to the interests of evangelical religion; for he thought that the religious literature of Germany was so identified with its neology, that it would be difficult to admit the one and keep out the other. He referred with great pleasure to a controversy which he was carrying on just at that time with Dr. Pye Smith on the subject of Church establishments; and, as a proof of the admirable good temper which they maintained towards each other, he read to me, and then gave me, a letter which Dr. Smith had just written him, reminding him of his promise to visit him at Hackney, when he should return to his parish at Bristol. He told me that he had formerly had a very poor support—only forty pounds annually—for discharging the duties of both Hebrew and Arabic Professor; but that,

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through the considerate generosity of Lord Brougham, he had a place allotted to him in the Cathedral at Bristol, and also a living in that neighbourhood, five miles from Barleywood, so that he was then very comfortably provided for. He had on his table before him the manuscript of a new commentary on the Book of Job, which he was then about to publish; and he read me large extracts from it, demonstrating its authority and antiquity, by showing that it is quoted in some form or other in all, or nearly all, the Books of the Old Testament. I could see that he had a degree of enthusiasm in his department, which, with his fine natural gifts, was sufficient to account for his rare and almost matchless acquisitions.

I went about half-past three, according to my engagement, to dine with Mr. Simeon. When I got to his room, I found him and Professor Lee, whom he had invited to meet me, waiting for me in their gowns, ready to go to dinner. We immediately went into a large room in another part of the College, where we were joined by one or two of the Fellows of the College, who dined with us; and, after a few minutes, it was announced that dinner was ready. We were walking in some degree of state into the dining hall, and had almost reached *our* table (for there were several tables set in different parts of the room), when we were suddenly arrested by the voice of a person behind us, who seemed to me to be declaiming; but on looking

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round, I found, to my astonishment, that it was a student asking a blessing in Latin. The dinner, though a very good one, was served up without any great ceremony, or without the consumption of very much time; and when we had dined, Mr. Simeon gave thanks, in a few words, in English; after which he, Dr. Lee, and myself repaired to Mr. Simeon's apartments, where we found a luxurious appendage to the dinner in various kinds of fruits, &c. Mr. Simeon took us into his bed-room, to show us the likenesses of several of his friends; and he remarked that "that of dear Henry Martyn," which was one of them, was so perfect, that it was long before he could look at it more than a few moments at a time. Dr. Lee and Mr. Simeon both knew Henry Martyn well, and the latter evidently loved him as a son. He gave me one of his letters—a farewell letter, written after he had actually embarked for India. He seemed unable to command language to express his admiration of Henry Martyn's character.

As Dr. Lee was obliged to leave early, to meet an engagement, I remained alone with Mr. Simeon for some time, and was most delightfully impressed—as I was, indeed, from the first moment I saw him—with his lovely and loving spirit. He told me that though I saw him in comfortable health, he was daily expecting death, as much as my friends at home would be expecting my return at the appointed time; and he gave me to understand that there was nothing in the passage over Jordan that he

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dreaded. He blessed me most affectionately, as we parted, and I shook hands with him, with the full conviction that it was the last time. And so it proved.

The evening of the same day I passed in the family of Mr. Thodey, an excellent Congregational clergyman, to whom I had brought a letter, and who was forward to render me every attention. At his house I met a Mr. Richard Foster, a distinguished philanthropist, who discoursed largely, but temperately and candidly, upon American slavery. He told me that his father and grandfather were both members of the celebrated Robert Robinson's church; that his attractiveness as a preacher was almost unparalleled; but that his orthodoxy had been regarded as equivocal a good while before he openly renounced it. At the close of the evening, Mr. Thodey walked with me from his house to my hotel; and kept surprising me as we came through the streets with historical localities. "There," said he, "is the house where Robert Robinson lived." "And there lived Robert Hall." "You have heard of Jeremy Taylor, I suppose, in America—there *he* lived." And finally, "Did you ever hear of Hobson's choice?" "Why, certainly," said I. "And do you know the origin of it?" I was obliged to say I did not. "Well," said he, "here it is—this is Hobson street. Just in that corner, there lived a man by the name of Hobson, who kept a livery stable; and, as the students were accustomed to come and select his

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best horses, he made a rule, that whoever came should take the horse that stood first in the stable—it should be that or none; hence the phrase, 'Hobson's choice.'"

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XXIX.

I HAD a letter of introduction to Dr. BUNTING, and called at his house when I was in London, but, unfortunately for me, he was out of the city. It was therefore very gratifying to me to learn, on my arrival at Oxford, the day before Good Friday, that he was engaged to preach there the next day; and I resolved at once to hear him, if it were possible. I accordingly went to the chapel where he was to preach, at the appointed hour, with Mr. Collingwood, printer to the University, an excellent and most gentlemanly man, at whose house I had previously engaged to stay during my visit at Oxford. As we entered the chapel, I found a very plain,

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broad-shouldered, rather coarse-looking man, reading the Episcopal service; and he read it with such an air of indifference, that I was impatient for the end of it, especially as I thought he was equally so. I took for granted that it was some Methodist brother of low degree, whom Dr. Bunting had brought in to assist him in the service; and, as I had gone to hear Dr. Bunting, it was a disappointment to me to hear anybody else.

The Church service being disposed of in due time, this same indifferent reader proceeded to administer baptism to several children, among whom was a child of the resident minister, and he introduced the service with some remarks, that led me to doubt whether it was not the veritable Jabez Bunting to whom I was listening. He began by saying that that was not the time or the place to go into a particular vindication of infant baptism; that he must be allowed now to take that doctrine for granted; that those who differed from him, differed conscientiously, and had the same right to their views that he had to his. He then read the rubric of the English Church on this subject, and pronounced it excellent, especially as requiring that the ordinance should be administered publicly, and called the opposite mode "a kind of smuggling." He proceeded to speak of baptism at some length, first as an ordinance of *instruction*, and, secondly, as an ordinance of *covenant*, and concluded by apologizing to his brother for having said things which *he* must be supposed

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so well to know and so fully to appreciate. The address was of considerable length, and, before it was half finished, I did not need anybody to inform me that I was listening to the first Methodist preacher in England.

The baptism being over, Dr. Bunting ascended the pulpit, and announced as his text, that rich and precious passage, "He that spared not his own Son," &c. The discourse was simple in its plan, full of strong evangelical thought, very felicitously and logically presented, and in some parts was even sublimely pathetic and eloquent. The whole service, so far as I witnessed it, was conducted with perfect decorum; but, after Mr. Collingwood and myself had retired into the vestry, I was told that there was a prayer offered, during which there were two hundred audible *Amens*, the minister of the place taking the lead. The service being concluded, Dr. Bunting came into the vestry; and, when I was introduced to him, he very kindly expressed his regret at not being at home when I called at his house in London, and said he had directed his son to ascertain at Hackney where I stayed, that he might call upon me. Though I frequently heard him spoken of as being somewhat of an ecclesiastical dictator, I found him exceedingly pleasant and free in conversation, and no more inclined to take airs than the humblest man I ever met. As he knew that I expected to be at Shrewsbury in the course of the next week, and as he expected to be

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there also, he expressed a wish that we might meet; and accordingly he actually did me the favour to call upon me at Shrewsbury, on Sunday evening, after having performed the usual services of the day. If I had been called to pronounce judgment upon him in the market-place, without hearing him speak, I should have said that he was a red-faced, well-fed, coarse-grained Englishman; but if my opinion concerning him had been asked after hearing him preach, and seeing him in private, I should have said that, while he was not at all lacking in courtesy and kindness, he was one of the most vigorous thinkers and eloquent preachers whom I ever met.

Sometime in the course of the day, I called at Dr. Pusey's door, having a letter of introduction to him from Professor Tholuck; but he sent me word by the servant that he could not consistently see company, on account of its being Good Friday, but would be happy to see me the next day. I then called upon Dr. MACBRIDE, a professor in one of the colleges, and the author of a learned work called the "*Diatesseron*;" to whom also I had an introductory letter. *He* had no scruples about receiving me; and I found him an exceedingly agreeable, whole-souled, and intelligent man. When he ascertained that my visit at Oxford was limited to a day or two, he said that I ought to be making the best of my time, and immediately put on his gown, and

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walked with me to show me the most curious and venerable of the colleges. I found that he had no sympathy with the extreme party, of which Dr. Pusey was then coming out as a leader, though he thought Dr. Hampden had gone too far in his Bampton Lectures, which had appeared a short time before, and were the subject of animadversion or discussion in almost every circle. Dr. Macbride spoke, as Dr. Gregory had done before him, with great respect and affection of Bishop M'Ilvaine, and said that he knew no man who possessed qualities to grace the Episcopate more than he.

I went the next day, notwithstanding it was the Saturday after Good Friday, to call upon Dr. Pusey. He seemed to me to be not much more than forty years old. He was small every way—being both very short and very lean; was exceedingly grave in his manner, and much disposed to serious conversation. As he knew I had just come from Germany, he had many inquiries to make in respect to the result of my observations on the religious state of things there, though I quickly found that he knew much more about it than I did. If I had been obliged to make up my mind concerning him merely from his appearance in that interview, which lasted not more than half an hour, I should have been at a loss whether he was some great revival man, like Nettleton, in one of his most devout moods, or whether he was wearing the mantle of some monk, and walking in

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the light of the dark ages. He was, however, very civil, and invited me to dine with him; and when I told him I must leave at two o'clock, he kindly proposed to anticipate the usual dinner-hour for my accommodation. This was several years before he reached the point of his greatest notoriety; but the leaven was then at work, and I doubt whether anything has occurred since, that was not prophesied of, at that time, by some who had the best opportunity of estimating his religious tendencies.

I was glad of an opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. COPLEY, the well-known authoress. She was the wife of a Baptist minister, who was at that time settled in Oxford, though, I think, he has since had a charge in some other part of England. She seemed a highly respectable lady—was modest and retiring, and yet easy and communicative. She had written several very popular books for youth then, and has since added several to the number. I heard her spoken of by different parties at Oxford, in a manner that showed that her talents, intelligence, and virtues were held in high estimation.

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XXX.

MRS. SHERWOOD, at the time I visited her, resided at Worcester. Her husband was a Captain in the British army, and was, for a long time, (I think thirteen years,) stationed in the East Indies, where she wrote many of her most popular works. She was born near Worcester, and, about nineteen years before I saw her, had returned from India and opened a school in that neighbourhood, which she continued seventeen years. This school was patronized by distinguished families from all parts of the kingdom, and, it was said, was a source of great pecuniary profit. Her husband, whom I saw, seemed to be a mild, amiable man; but I could not very well conceive of his being a military commander.

Mrs. Sherwood herself was, in person, rather above the middle size, and though she had a good, strong face, it was by no means expressive of great refinement. Nor was there anything in her manners that

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was not in keeping with her countenance. She was civil enough, but she had a sort of boldness and forwardness of manner, which possibly might have filled up a chasm in the military character of her husband. She seemed then to be not much over fifty years old, and was apparently in fine health and spirits. She talked with me a good deal—only, however, because I led the conversation in that direction—about her own publications, and told me that her "Little Henry" had then passed through twenty-seven editions in Great Britain, and that some other of her writings had had an equal circulation. She seemed to know that most of her works had been re-published in this country, and was gratified that they had been received with so much favour. She gave me a copy of her engraved portrait, and remarked that it might be re-printed in America, though it could not be in England, on account of its being private property.

During her residence in India, Mrs. Sherwood was well acquainted with Henry Martyn, and regarded him as one of the choicest and most gifted spirits she had ever known. She mentioned, also, another individual whom she knew, of whom I remembered, in my early years, to have read a most fearful account in Dr. Buchanan's celebrated sermon, entitled "The Star in the East"—it was Sabat. As the name of this individual may now scarcely be known in this country, it may not be amiss to allude to that part of his history which gave him his chief

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celebrity. Abdallah and Sabat belonged to two distinguished families in Arabia, and being intimate friends, set out to travel together in foreign countries. When they had reached the city of Cabul, Abdallah, being appointed to an important office under the government, remained there, while Sabat continued his travels in Tartary. The former very soon fell in with a copy of the New Testament, and, from reading it, became a convert to Christianity. Knowing, as he did, that his conversion could not become known but at the hazard of his life, he withdrew privately from the place of his residence, and set out to travel, in the hope of finding some retired place where he might enjoy his religion in safety. Having reached the city of Bokhara, in Tartary, he was greatly surprised, as he was walking in the streets, at meeting his former fellow-traveller; but Sabat, having heard of his apostasy from Mohammedism, quickly showed him that he had nothing to hope from his friendship or his mercy. Abdallah fell at his feet, and abjured him by their former relations not to reveal the secret of his conversion; but neither tears nor expostulations had any effect. He immediately gave information against him to the authorities of the city, and forthwith he was delivered up to the King, and a decree was issued for his execution. When the fatal hour arrived, Abdallah was led forth, in the presence of an immense multitude, to seal his testimony with his blood. The executioner began his work by cut-

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ting off one of his hands, upon which he was offered his life on condition that he would recant; but, with a spirit of calm dignity and true Christian heroism, he refused to do this, and meekly bowed his head to receive the fatal blow. Sabat mingled in the crowd, and witnessed the fearful transaction to which he had been accessory. He afterwards said that he saw Abdallah look at him, while the process of execution was going forward, but that it was a look, not of anger, but of pity.

Sabat seems to have been impressed with the idea that Abdallah would certainly save his life by renouncing his faith; but when he saw that it was otherwise—saw that he had really been instrumental of the death of his friend, he was greatly tortured by remorse, and that last forgiving look haunted him wherever he went. At length he reached India, and while employed there in some official capacity, he, too, was induced to read the New Testament, and compare it with the Koran; the result of which was, that he professedly renounced Mohammedism, and was for several years an active and useful coadjutor with the British missionaries in promoting Christianity. When his friends in Arabia heard of his conversion, they immediately despatched his brother to India, with a view to assassinate him. The brother entered his dwelling in the disguise of a beggar, and was actually drawing a dagger from its concealment upon his person, to plunge it into his bosom, when Sabat seized his arm, and his servants

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instantly came to his deliverance. It was through Sabat's intercession that the life of this murderous brother was spared; and he not only sent him away in peace, but sent by him valuable presents to his mother's family.

Dr. Buchanan's sermon brings the history down only to this point—when Sabat was labouring efficiently with him for the cause of Christian truth. But shortly after this, as Dr. Buchanan's own daughter informed me, he suddenly took the fancy that his great talents and acquirements were not adequately estimated, and, in a fit of resentment, renounced Christianity, returned to Mohammedism, and went to Persia, where he wrote a work to refute the system which, for several years, he had been labouring to defend. After this he professed, for a short time, to have again received the Christian faith; but at a still later period, and, so far as is known, to the close of his life, he ranked himself with the followers of Mohammed. About 1811, he travelled in Pegu, and being detected in some treasonable attempts against the reigning prince, he and his fellow-conspirator were put into a sack, and thrown together into the sea.

I was interested in hearing Mrs. Sherwood say that she had even seen this monster of a man. She seemed to have known him pretty well; but I think she looked upon him with some distrust, even when his good professions were the strongest. She said he had a fierce expression of countenance, and his

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form seemed never to bend in the slightest degree; in short, she said he always reminded her of a *Saracen painted on a sign-post!*

Mrs. Sherwood, as I learned from some of her neighbours, was, at that time, an extremely high-church Episcopalian, and her intercourse, as I understood, was restricted within very narrow limits. She had also, not long before, become a convert, as was supposed, to the doctrine of universal salvation. Indeed, she made a remark to me having a bearing on the subject, which, though not very explicit, I understood as an indirect avowal of her faith in that doctrine. My impression is, that she subsequently declared her belief of it without reserve or qualification. I met with one or two of her pupils in Edinburgh, who seemed to regard her as a model teacher, and to remember her with the utmost gratitude and affection. I never saw her except on that one evening.

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XXXI.

AS one important object I had in going to Ireland was to visit Miss EDGEWORTH, with whom I had previously had some correspondence, I wrote to her shortly before leaving England, to inquire whether she would be at home at the time I proposed to visit her; and, on my arrival at Dublin, I was met by a letter from her, informing me that she *should* be at home, and extending to me a cordial invitation to come and remain at Edgeworth's town as long as I could. Accordingly, having notified her of the day when I intended to go, I started off early in the morning from Dublin, and found myself at the end of my journey—sixty Irish miles—at two o'clock. As the coach passed Miss Edgeworth's gate, a servant came out to take my luggage; but, as the hotel was within a few rods, I preferred to keep my seat until we reached it, and the servant followed me to accompany me back to the house. The village is as miserable-looking a

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place as one often sees, and as it was market-day, I had an opportunity of witnessing the degradation of the whole surrounding population to the greatest advantage; but the Edgeworth house was a fine, spacious old mansion, with a splendid lawn stretching before it, and everything to indicate opulence and hereditary distinction. I do not remember to have seen what I thought a more beautiful place in all Ireland.

As I entered the house, Miss Edgeworth was the first person to meet me; and she immediately introduced me to her mother, Mrs. Edgeworth, her father's fourth wife, and her sister, Miss Honora Edgeworth, who has since been married and resides in London. Miss Edgeworth, in her personal appearance, was anything but what I expected. She was below the middle size; her face was exceedingly plain, though strongly indicative of intellect; and though she seemed to possess great vigour of body as well as of mind, it was, after all, the vigour of old age. I supposed her to be about sixty-five, but I believe she was actually on the wrong side of seventy. Her step-mother, Mrs. Edgeworth, who, for aught I know, is still living, must have been, I think, rather younger than Maria, and was not only a lady of high intelligence, but of great personal attractions, and withal, as I afterwards ascertained, of a very serious turn of mind. As Miss Edgeworth knew that my visit was to be limited to a single day, she told me almost immediately that she wished

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to know in what way she could contribute most to my gratification; whether by remaining in the house, or walking over the grounds; kindly suggesting at the same time that I had better first take a little lunch, and then a little rest. She talked upon a great variety of subjects, and I set her down as decidedly one of the best talkers I ever met with. There was nothing about her that had even any affinity to showing off or trying to talk well, but she evidently did not know how to talk otherwise. She seemed to have the most mature thoughts on every subject, and, without the semblance of effort, they took on the most attractive dress. I was not unwilling to hear what she had to say about slavery. She reprobated the course of the ultra anti-slavery men as eminently adapted to defeat its own end; and remarked that to give the slaves liberty before they were qualified to use it, would be only giving them liberty to starve, and perhaps to cut each other's throats, and the throats of their masters. I happened to relate an anecdote which I had heard, of a young man in Edinburgh having read as an exercise before the Presbytery a sermon, the substance of which he had heard a celebrated clergyman preach; and it turned out afterwards that the clergyman himself had stolen it from some book. "Dear me," said Miss Edgeworth, "that was like taking the impression of a forged guinea." She said that she had been indebted for a number of years to Mr. Ralston, of Philadelphia, for two of our Re-

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views, one of which was the North American; and that she thought that that particularly was better as a Review than either the London Quarterly or the Edinburgh. She spoke of a notice of the life of her father in the North American, written by an Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts, as containing one thing (she did not mention what it was) that had given her great pain; that she had addressed a letter to a distinguished individual in Boston on the subject, and that the author of the article had written her a very kind letter, assuring her that the mistake should be corrected. She stated also that there had been a snarling review of the same work in Great Britain, in which her father's veracity was called in question, in respect to a statement he had made concerning Lady Edgeworth. He had said that her servant had come down from the garret, and, on being asked what she had done with a candle which she had taken up without a candlestick, replied that she had stuck it into a barrel of black sand, which Lady Edgeworth knew to be gunpowder; that she went up, and with her own hand took the candle away; and, on coming down stairs, fell upon her knees, and gave God thanks for the wonderful deliverance. This the reviewer had pronounced incredible; but Miss Edgeworth assured me that her father had only quoted from a manuscript of *his* father, which she would show me before I left; and that the attack upon her father was a mere matter of revenge. She said

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that she felt it keenly as a daughter, but perhaps it was not very creditable to her head that she should care for it at all. She spoke of Sir Walter Scott with boundless respect, and represented him as being simple as a child; and immediately added, that she regarded him, Sir James Mackintosh, and Dr. Channing, as the three finest writers the age had produced. She spoke respectfully of many Americans who had visited her; but she thought the most thoroughly accomplished gentleman whom she had seen from the United States, was Professor Ticknor. She regretted that she had never heard Robert Hall preach; but she thought his published sermons were incomparably eloquent, and his character, as it came out in his life, was one of the highest interest. She talked a good deal about Madame de Stael; and though she had never seen her, she had seen and admired her two children—the Baron de Stael and the Duchess de Broglie. She said that there could be no doubt that she was chargeable with some very gross errors in her life, but some allowance must be made for the customs of the country; that it was greatly in her favour that she condemned her own course, and inculcated rigid virtue upon her children and others; and that some of the French women seemed to her to think that Madame de Stael's principal sin consisted in her repentance. She expressed great veneration for the character of Mrs. Hannah More, though she thought that, in her old age, she was a little too

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puritanical, in thinking it a loss of time to read Sir Walter Scott's works.

Miss Edgeworth expressed deep concern in respect to the influence of Romanism upon the character and destiny of Ireland. She had no doubt then that the secret intention had been to persecute and drive out the Protestants, though it was not till a short time before that she had become convinced of it. She alluded with regret to the attacks that had been made upon our country by British travellers; but she thought they were generally so palpably unjust as to carry their own antidote along with them. She said that Mrs. Trollope, with all her bad behaviour, was certainly very clever; that some of her descriptions showed a high order of talent; and as for Captain Hall, he was at once an ill-tempered and good-natured creature; that he had his object to answer in making his book, and he had accomplished it as well as he could. She gave me a fine portrait of her father, and told me that I must value it the more, as it was the very last that she had, with the exception of one that she kept for herself. I was suffering not a little at that time from the weakness of my eyes. She told me that she had suffered greatly for two years from the same cause; that the only advice the most distinguished oculists gave her was, that she should give her eyes perfect rest; and by following that prescription, so far as never to read or write when it gave her pain, she at length regained her former strength of sight,

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She mentioned that a certain well-known Jew in this country, since deceased, had written to her, apparently with a view to draw from her some expression of approbation in respect to his professed zeal in behalf of his nation; but she said that the letter impressed her very unfavourably; that she did not believe that he was a Jew at heart, or anything else in particular, except a rogue. She opened her closet, and asked me to notice the American part of her library; and I observed it consisted almost entirely of books which had been presented by her Unitarian friends at Boston. Some of her own works happened to be there also, and she was led to speak of her experience with some of her publishers. She mentioned that one of them had repeatedly requested her to abate from the amount which he had engaged to pay her, and that she had done so; but at length, after she had told him explicitly to make proposals he would abide by, he wrote her a letter, saying that he wished another abatement, and that he found that, on the whole, he had lost by her works; and she then wrote him in reply that, in consequence of the loss he had sustained, she would transfer her publications to other hands. He afterwards earnestly requested that she would excuse him for having thus written, and desired to retain the works; but *she* was inflexible, and *he* very angry. Her former publisher, she said, when he found himself dying, called for a letter to her which was then unfinished, and requested that there should be inserted a promise

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of £1000 or £1200 more than he had engaged to give her for one of her works; for it had been so much more profitable to him than he had expected, that he could not die in peace till he had done justly by her; and his heirs executed his will in accordance with this dying suggestion.

While Miss Edgeworth was occupied in something designed to contribute to my gratification, Mrs. Edgeworth stepped with me into the library; and my eye accidentally rested upon the Life of Major André. As I opened the volume, I asked her if she knew what ever became of the young lady to whom Major André was engaged to be married. "Why," said she, "I perceive you do not know the history of this family very thoroughly. That young lady, Miss Honora Snead, was my husband's (Mr. Edgeworth's) first wife;" and she then brought me her miniature, which represented her as extremely beautiful; and, indeed, Mrs. Edgeworth said that she was reputed one of the most beautiful women in the kingdom.

As we were speaking of the character of Miss Edgeworth's writings, she expressed her regret that there was little or nothing of the religious element in them; but she said that Maria was opposed on principle to introducing religion into works of fiction; that she thought it lowered the dignity of the subject to bring it into such an association; but that she (Mrs. Edgeworth) thought she might have introduced a chapter of a religious cast in one of her early works on education, in consistency with her

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avowed principle. She walked with me for half an hour about the grounds, and took me to the little old church in the neighbourhood, which they were accustomed to attend, the spire of which was lifted by means of some invention of her deceased husband, of which there is a printed account. She went with me to the family vault of the Edgeworths, built by Maria's grandfather, where she said many of the family were already laid. We walked also to the house of the old rector of the church, who, I understood, was a worthy man, but I judged not a very stirring preacher. We called at two or three of the neighbouring cottages, which looked forlorn enough, but still much better than what I had seen the day before. I said to one of the women, who seemed to have things around her a little more comfortable than her neighbours, "You seem, madam, to be quite well off here." "Yes, may it please your honour," replied she; "and long life to the family that have made us so." When we returned from the walk, Miss Edgeworth had got several letters of introduction in readiness for me, and I had only time to take them before the coach was at the door. I had many testimonies of Maria Edgeworth's kindness afterwards, as I corresponded with her as long as she lived.

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XXXII.

E. Bickersteth

AND

J. A. Singer

THROUGH the kindness of Dr. SINGER, a distinguished clergyman, and Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, I was invited to a public breakfast—an annual occasion, I believe—at which were to be present a very large number of the Irish Episcopal clergy. I accepted the invitation, and I believe I was the only person present who was not an Episcopalian—indeed, I was assured that I might reckon my being invited as, if not absolutely anomalous, at least a mark of unwonted civility.

The number of ministers present at the breakfast was about three hundred; and the greater part of them, I understood, were truly evangelical and devout men. The breakfast proper was quickly despatched, and then came the intellectual, theological, and ecclesiastical repast, which was, of course, the great attraction of the morning. It had been be-

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fore announced that M. BICKERSTETH was to be present, and make an address; and I was happy to find that he was actually on the spot.

The service, after breakfast, was introduced by an appropriate and apparently an extemporaneous prayer from an elderly clergyman, during which there were frequent responses of *Amen*, somewhat after the manner of a Methodist meeting, though without any tendency to irregularity. When the prayer was closed, Mr. Bickersteth, who seemed to be a man of about forty-five, and looking somewhat like my friend Dr. Lowell, of Boston, arose and commenced his address; though, finding that the chandelier prevented his being seen by a portion of the audience, he soon took his seat, and proceeded to speak in a sitting posture. He began by referring to the "breaking up of the times," and testifying of the deep sympathy which the English clergy felt with their Irish brethren in their then afflicted state. He spoke of the great privilege of suffering for Christ, and of the honour of being ambassadors for Christ, and quoted a remark of Bradford the martyr, when in prison—"How thankful ought we to be, that though we are sinners, yet these sufferings are not so much for our sins as for the glory of our Master." He expressed his doubts whether ministers dwell enough now on the extent of God's love. He expatiated on the importance of adhering to the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church, and the danger of encountering Papists on general ground, rather

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than on *Church of England* ground; while yet he acknowledged there was danger also from the opposite extreme. He remarked that Satan prevails more by our divisions than by our outward sufferings; and that the cause of all division is seeking to exalt ourselves—the cause of all true spiritual union is seeking to exalt Christ. The redeemed cry with *one* voice, "Worthy is the Lamb," &c. He went on substantially as follows: "It is of great importance, not only to adhere very closely to the Word of God, but to attach a due relative value to the different parts of Scripture. There are three evils which the Church now has to contend with—Popery, Infidelity, and Democracy. *Popery* ought to be thoroughly understood, especially by ministers; for they must necessarily have much to do with it. There is a leaven of it in our own Church—witness certain tracts, called 'Tracts for the Times,' published at Oxford. As to *Infidelity*, there are said to be thirty congregations of Infidels," [I am not sure whether he said in London or in England,] "who meet every Sabbath to hear infidel lectures—the spirit of neologianism is at the bottom of it—witness what has lately come out in the case of Dr. Hampden. And then, there is *Democracy*, exalting the power of the people, and throwing off all restraint. Dissent has a tendency to foster this, and hence many of our dissenting brethren have become politicians, and lost their spirituality. The Church of England is to be regarded as the grand bulwark against all these evils.

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It is important, in contending against one of them, not to lose sight of either of the others, but meet them all together.

"There are two or three points in respect to the studies of ministers, worthy to be particularly considered. 1. The study of the Scriptures is of the greatest importance. One-sided views of truth ought especially to be avoided. The eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, and the tenth chapter of John, contain what at first seem different views of the doctrine of perseverance. Christ giving himself a sacrifice, in some sense, for all men, seems at first to savour of Arminianism; but then we find the epistle to the Ephesians qualifying this by teaching the doctrine of God's electing love. Luther, at first, cast aside practical James as uncanonical; but when he came to encounter the error of the Ana-Baptists, he acknowledged the authority of practical James again. 2. Meditate much on the epistles to Timothy and Titus. The first epistle to Timothy is against Popery; the second against lawlessness. The epistle to Titus gives us a view of the grace and practical influence of the Gospel combined. Attend also particularly to the book of Deuteronomy. 3. In general, study the old Testament much—it is too much neglected even by ministers. The Law is of great importance, not only as a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, but on account of the happiness attendant on obedience—'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' We are greatly in fault that we

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do not study the Prophecies more; not to gratify our curiosity, or to display our skill, but to take advantage of a light which God has given to direct us. Beware of Irvingism and kindred errors. Study Meade and Newton. The doctrine that Popery is antichrist is fundamental in our opposition to the system; but there will be a personal antichrist hereafter." [Here he read an extract of a letter from Dr. Chalmers, addressed to himself, which seemed to favour the doctrine of a personal advent of Christ, previous to the millenium, and expressed the opinion that there is no hope that the world will be regenerated by missionary efforts alone.] "The study of sound divines, in connexion with the study of the Scriptures, is of the greatest importance; such as the British Reformers, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Jewell's Apology and Defence, Usher's Answer to a Jesuit, and his Twenty Sermons; the works of Hooker, Bishop Reynolds, Bishop Hall, &c." He concluded his address, by assuring his audience again of the sympathy of the English clergy in their trials, and declaring, with great emphasis, that they were determined to stand or fall with them.

The above is an outline of Mr. Bickersteth's address, which lasted somewhat more than an hour. It was uttered with great seriousness, but without the least animation, and was evidently thoroughly premeditated, though there was nothing to indicate that it had been written. Dr. SINGER followed it with an admirable prayer, in which he remembered very kindly

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the dissenting brethren, after which the meeting was concluded by the singing of the doxology.

There was another meeting immediately succeeding this; or rather this was protracted, for the sake of considering some matters of interest to the clergy. Dr. Singer stated that, in order to give the meeting form, he would nominate Dean ——— (I did not understand his name) to the chair; and then went on to say that the subject to come before them was Church Reform; that, by the advice of some of his brethren, he had drawn up two petitions to the King, praying for relief on two points—namely, that the Church might be allowed to appoint her own Bishops, and also to regulate her internal concerns; both of which he considered essential to her prosperity. He spoke with great warmth against the existing state of things, and said there must be reform, or the Church could not long continue. He was followed by several speakers, who fully concurred in his views; especially by a Mr. Atley, who, in allusion to O'Connell, said, "Who is it that controls the House of Commons now? An enemy of the Church. Brethren, a comet has appeared in our religious horizon; and as comets were formerly considered ominous of disaster, so is this; and in another respect it resembles a natural comet—it has a tail." This brought out a roar of laughter, which, however, did not seem particularly to embarrass the speaker. A committee was appointed to reduce the petitions to form; and the only ob-

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jection made to them, as they were read, was by one individual, who said he could not consent to a clause which recognized the King as friendly to the Irish Church; but it was contended that this was a mere matter of form, and it was not further objected to. There was also a petition read and ordered to be printed, respecting the observance of the Sabbath; after which the meeting broke up, and all separated with apparently the most fraternal feelings. It was, on the whole, an occasion of great interest to me.

After the meeting was over I was introduced to Mr. Bickersteth, and had the pleasure of spending a little time with him. He was remarkably unassuming and gentle in his manners, apparently without much natural fervour, but deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. There was that in his whole appearance that bespoke an eminently devout and godly man. He manifested great interest in American revivals, and seemed to have bestowed upon them much serious thought, and to regret deeply that so many of them had of late assumed a spurious character. The Romish controversy was evidently uppermost in his thoughts; and I believe his principal object in visiting Ireland was to strengthen his brethren in their defence against this formidable foe.

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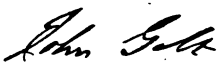
XXXIII.



I HAD stopped at Greenock for a day, to visit a family of my acquaintance, when I unexpectedly learned that that was the residence of JOHN GALT, the celebrated novelist. As it was part of my plan to see all sorts of celebrities, I made up my mind at once that I would obtain an introduction to *him;* and I was sure of finding him at home, as he was a cripple, and was unable to leave his house, unless assisted by others.

I found it very easy to get the desired introduction, as the gentleman at whose house I stopped knew him well, and felt perfectly free to call with me. It seemed that he had anticipated my call, and he met me with a pleasant smile and a hearty welcome. He was a large, noble-looking man, of fine countenance, and simple and agreeable manners; and the whole impression that he made upon me was pleasant. He told me that he had been more or less a paralytic for twenty-seven years, but had not been absolutely confined till within the two or three years immediately preceding. For some time

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he was unable to move at all; but he had invented a machine, the plan of which he showed me, by means of which he obtained exercise very similar to that of riding on horseback. He was about sending an account of it for publication to *Fraser's Magazine;* and after I reached Glasgow, as I had expressed some curiosity concerning it, he actually sent me a written description, accompanied with a drawing of it by his own hand.

Mr. Galt seemed familiar with our country, and said he had visited it twice—first in 1825, and again in 1827, 1828, 1829; that he had children residing in Canada, and that nothing but his infirmity prevented him from joining them. His recollections of his visits here seemed altogether pleasant; and he spoke with much gratitude of the kindness he had received from many distinguished individuals, and indeed from the people generally whose acquaintance he made. He mentioned a trifling circumstance which occurred while he was in Canada, which, he said, occasioned him no little vexation, as it led some to suppose that he intended to treat our national character with improper levity, when nothing could have been further from his thoughts. He wrote, for the amusement of a few of his friends at Quebec, a farce in which he sportively introduced some of the American peculiarities of manner, speech, &c., but without the least intention of manifesting disrespect to any body, or wounding any one's feelings. It was, however, taken up by the newspapers in quite a differ-

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ent way from what he had intended, and a Mr. Graham, a friend of his in New York, and the editor of a newspaper, defended him. When he came to New York, that he might demonstrate to the people the harmlessness of his intentions in what he had done, he wrote another farce, in which he took off, in a similar manner, the peculiarities of his own country; and this was exhibited, much to the amusement of the audience, and he believed was regarded as an ample atonement for the unfortunate slip which he had before made. He intimated his intention, if his health should any way admit of it, still to write a book concerning America; and, while he would dedicate the whole work to the Earl of Dalhousie, he wished to dedicate a certain part of it to Philip Hone, for whom, as well as for Chancellor Kent and Chief Justice Spencer, (then) among the living, and Dewitt Clinton and Dr. Hosack, among the dead, he expressed a high regard. We had a good deal of conversation in respect to George Thompson's mission to the United States, which had a little before been completed, and which he unhesitatingly pronounced an outrage upon all decency; and when I mentioned to him the utter falsity of certain statements, concerning things with which I was personally conversant, which Thompson had made, and which were then circulating through the British newspapers, he said unhesitatingly, that if I would write out the true version of the case in answer to his charges, he would see that it was made

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public in a way that would be entirely unexceptionable. He gave me, as a keepsake, a beautiful little sonnet—the last thing he had written—addressed to Lady Charlotte Bury, who was his intimate friend, and whom he considered one of the most gifted women of the age. I left him, happy in having made his acquaintance, and feeling that, physically, intellectually, and socially, at least, he was a noble specimen of a man. I had one or two kind letters from him after my return home—a gratifying evidence that he had not forgotten me. Of his religious views I know nothing; but he seemed to be very kindly and respectfully regarded in the community in which he lived.

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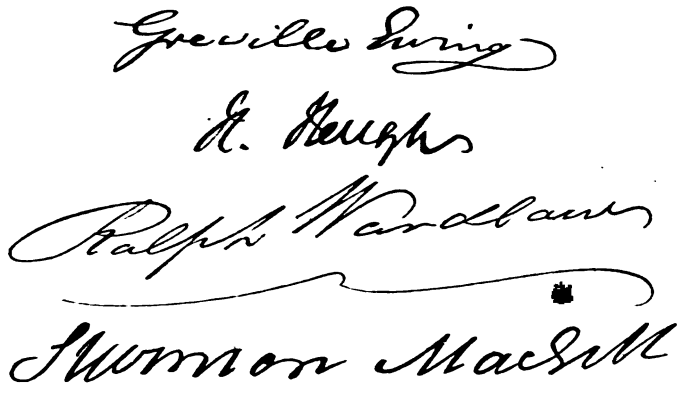
XXXIV.



I HAD often heard of GREVILLE EWING as one of the most respectable and venerable ministers of Glasgow; and when I became acquainted with him, I found him all that I had heard him represented to be. He was far advanced in life—I should think little, if at all, short of seventy; was of rather a large figure, had a full face, a keen, expressive eye, and in his general appearance reminded me a good deal of President Dwight. In his manners he was perfectly urbane and gentlemanly, and had more of the old school about him than almost any person I met in Scotland. He was rather inclined

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to be grave in his conversation, and yet he was by no means without a share of good humour, and would sometimes tell a very amusing anecdote. He was educated in the Established Church of Scotland, and began his labours as a minister in that connexion; but he left it at an early period, and became a Congregationalist; and he had for many years stood, with Dr. Wardlaw, quite at the head of the Congregational body in Scotland. He had the reputation of being a very learned man, and was the author of a Hebrew Lexicon. At the time I saw him, he was laid by, in consequence of the almost total loss of his sight; and I believe he never recovered it. He seemed to feel that the hand of God was resting heavily upon him, but he evinced the most serene and unqualified submission to the Divine will. Indeed, I have rarely seen so fine an example of a truly Christian old age.

As Mr. Ewing was a man of another generation, and had been acquainted with many of the great lights of Scotland who had passed away, I made inquiries of him concerning a number of those whose names were most familiar, or whose characters were most interesting to me; and I could scarcely inquire about any body whom he had not, at some time, reckoned among his acquaintance. He knew Dr. Blair, and once preached for him; and he pronounced him one of the most elegant and accomplished preachers he ever knew; but so much was his mind chained to his pen, that he wrote not only every

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word of his sermon, but even of his prayers; and, on that account, he was once characterized in some waggish piece as, "Dr. Speaknone, Professor of Rhetoric." Mr. Ewing knew Robert Walker also, Blair's excellent colleague; and he could hardly find words to express his admiration of his character and writings. He had to encounter considerable opposition from the "moderates," on account of the strongly evangelical type of his preaching; but his character was so pure and elevated, as, in a great measure, to disarm hostility. Mr. Ewing was familiar also with Dr. M'Knight, the commentator, and often heard him preach—he thought him a very honest man, though somewhat eccentric, and he remarked that he would often give great offence by his abruptness of manner. He was in the habit of selling his own books, and would not suffer them to go into the hands of a bookseller, as he wished to secure to himself the whole profits. When Mr. Ewing was about leaving the Establishment, he applied, through some friend, to Dr. M'Knight for a copy of his Commentary; and the Doctor said, with great surprise, "Well, if Mr. Ewing wants my books, there is some hope of him yet." Mr. Ewing was a fellow-student at Edinburgh with Dr. Mason. He regarded him at that time as a young man of extraordinary promise, though I believe he considered him as having more than fulfilled the highest expectations which were then formed concerning him. He repeated to me the anecdote which I had heard before, of Dr.

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Mason's criticism, while in the Divinity Hall, on a sermon delivered as an exercise by one of the students—that it would be much better if it were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I understood him that he was present when the criticism was made. He had a very distinct recollection of my venerable old friend, Dr. Muir, of Alexandria, while he was minister of Lady Glenorchy's chapel, (where Mr. Ewing himself afterwards for some time officiated,) and spoke of him as a man of great Christian worth, and a faithful and excellent minister. I was glad to find that Mr. Ewing had no sympathy with the George Thompson party on the subject of slavery, and regarded the popular movement in relation to it in Great Britain as, to say the least, of very equivocal tendency.

Dr. Heugh, when I saw him, must have been about fifty years of age. He was rather small in stature, but well proportioned, and had a countenance beaming with intelligence and good nature. He was not merely cheerful, but playful and humorous, and was the life of every circle in which I saw him; and I had the pleasure of meeting him in several, besides spending some time at his own house. I breakfasted with him one morning, and, just before breakfast was announced, we had been speaking of the climate in the United States, and he had expressed his surprise at my saying that the thermometer often rose as high as ninety. As

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we were about to take our seats at the table, he pointed me to one nearest the fire, saying, "Here, Sir, you surely need not be afraid of that, if you have to bear ninety at home." He was a zealous anti-slavery man, and yet was not at all above being enlightened on certain points, in respect to which it seemed to me that some of his countrymen were so sure that they were right, as not to desire any further information. He was extremely fluent in conversation, and never hesitated for a thought or a word; and hence I was surprised to hear him say that he was accustomed to write out his sermons to the last word, and not unfrequently his public speeches also, and commit them doggedly to memory. It was not uncommon at that time for ministers in the Established Church, especially in Edinburgh and Glasgow, to read their sermons; but in the United Secession, to which Dr. Heugh belonged, there was so strong a prejudice against it as to amount well nigh to an absolute prohibition. Dr. Heugh lived quite a number of years after I saw him, and was altogether one of the most beloved and honoured ministers of his denomination. The latter part of his life was embittered by a vile attack that was made upon him, if I mistake not, by one of his own brethren in the ministry; but the Presbytery threw themselves as a wall of fire about him, and the public at large branded the assailant with deserved ignominy.

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I heard Dr. WARDLAW preach, but, owing to certain circumstances, did not make his acquaintance. He was a fine, intelligent-looking man, was graceful and attractive in his manner, read his sermon throughout, but read with great freedom and elegance, and had so little of the Scotch accent that, but for his pronunciation of two or three words, I should not have suspected his belonging north of the Tweed. I saw Dr. M'GILL also, the Professor of Theology in the University. He was far advanced in life, was very plain in appearance and manners, but gave me an impression of great spirituality and devotion. I understood that he originally started with the Methodists, though he had little in common with them but their Arminianism; but he, after a while, landed in the Established Church, and had been for many years a thorough and earnest Calvinist. I had the pleasure also of making the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Struthers of the Relief Church, of the Rev. (now Dr.) David King, of the Rev. John Anderson, and several others of the prominent clergymen of Glasgow, from all of whom I received marked expressions of kindness. During my stay in Glasgow I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Robert McNish, the author of the "Philosophy of Sleep," and some other works of considerable popularity in their day. He seemed to be a young man of high literary promise; but it was promise to a great extent never realized, as death terminated his career within a year or two after I parted with him.

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XXXV.

Anne Grant

MRS. GRANT'S "Letters from the Mountains" had been familiar to me almost from my childhood; and, had I known nothing more of her, the interest which I had felt in that work would of itself have rendered it specially desirable to me to make her acquaintance. I called to see her under the advantage of being conversant with some of the scenes of her early childhood in this country, as well as of having known a number of persons whom she knew well as children more than seventy years before. Nothing could exceed the cordiality with which she greeted me; and one of the first things she said to me was—"Well, now you find me here alone, and I am alone during the greater part of every day. I shall be glad to see you at any time, morning, noon, or night, during your stay in Edinburgh. You will always find me here, and always find a welcome, come when you will. I am an old woman, but I think I have my faculties about as well as ever. I want to ask you a great many questions about

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America, and especially about the neighbourhood in which I used to live; and if there is any way in which I can serve you, either by communicating to you anything of interest that I know, or by introducing you to my friends here, it will be a real gratification to me to do so." I had not the least doubt of her sincerity, and accordingly availed myself of the permission she had given me to visit her without ceremony, whenever I found it convenient.

Mrs. Grant was every way—physically, intellectually, morally, a great woman. She had a large frame, a large head, large features, and was rather masculine in her general appearance; she looked as if she might have taken the place of her father in military command (for her father was a British officer); as if she might have been a match, in respect either to effort or endurance, for almost any *man* whom I ever saw. She was then several years past eighty, and her memory for old things was as good as ever, though her repetition two or three times over of the same incident showed me that, notwithstanding her own opinion that her faculties were unimpaired, time had dealt with her *somewhat* as with other people. She suffered a good deal from bodily decrepitude, and was drawn from one room to another in a chair, and this constituted the whole of her exercise. But she was extremely sociable and communicative, and was a fine example of good humour and youthful feeling coming out in connexion with venerable age.

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She seemed disposed to dwell much upon the past, and I thought she did it as much for her own sake as for mine; though she could have talked about nothing that would have interested me so much, She told me that she remembered distinctly leaving Scotland for America, when she was three years old, her father having preceded her a few months, and then sent for her mother and herself; that she recollected their arrival at Charleston, South Carolina, and her seeing with great surprise a whole shipload of negroes, though she was not at all frightened at their strange appearance; that she and her mother went thence to Philadelphia, and finally to Albany, which they considered for some years as their home; that she had a little negress under her instruction, whom her father had purchased, and that she had taught her, so far as she could, everything that she knew herself; that her father sold her to a Mr. Schuyler, when he left the country, and she well recollected her feelings of agony on seeing the silver dollars counted out to pay for her; that the child told her that, if they were separated, they should never get to Heaven together; and that when they left Albany, she actually followed them even into the water, after they had got into the boat. I asked her if she ever knew anything of her afterwards, and she said "Yes; I kept my eye upon her for a long time;" and then added, "I never make an acquaintance, but that I follow the individual afterwards." When I mentioned to her that I had been

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at the old Schuyler house, between Albany and Troy, where she used to live, and had thought of her, and spoken of her, and wondered which room she was accustomed to occupy, she seemed most deeply interested, and remarked that, as she remembered it, it was one of the most beautiful places she ever saw; that the island before it, and the woods behind it, gave it, at least to her young mind, an almost matchless attraction. She remembered several of the old Dutch families in the neighbourhood with great interest, and the late General Stephen Van Rensselaer she had held in her arms when he was a little boy. Her recollections of various places in Albany were perfectly distinct, and she thought not only that she could easily make a drawing of them, but that if she were actually set down in the localities, she should know where she was! She spoke of a Mr. Van Buren who lived not far from them, but on the opposite side of the river, in a place which she had always thought must have resembled Egypt; and she was curious to know whether the (then) Vice-President did not belong to the same family. She referred with great horror to the infidelity of Thomas Jefferson; and mentioned, by way of illustration, that when Jefferson was travelling in Virginia, by a church which had become dilapidated, and was used as a stable, he remarked that "Christianity began in a stable, and it would end there." She recollected with much interest the old Dutch church in Albany, which she used to see

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on Christmas day splendidly ornamented with evergreens; and she said that Dominie Westerlo, by his vigorous gesticulation, would sometimes scatter them till the pulpit was almost dismantled.

Mrs. Grant left America at the age of thirteen, in the year 1769. She said that she had actually begun to commit to paper some account of the events of her life, and especially what she saw and experienced in America; but it was somewhat doubtful whether she should proceed with it. She mentioned that if the Yankees, for whom she acknowledged that she used to have no great respect, had not treated her badly, she should have been a great heiress; that two thousand acres of land in Clarendon, Vermont, were given to her father as a half-pay officer, and that he bought four thousand more, making in all six thousand; and that his intention was to have sent over Highlanders to settle it, but that the *squatters* (rogues as they were) had sat down upon it, and, finally, it had fallen into their hands; that some of her American friends had expressed the opinion, even lately, that it might be recovered, but that she had never felt disposed to prosecute the matter. She stated that, on her father's return to Scotland from America, they settled down in the Highlands, about equi-distant from the two oceans, and there she lived at the time of her marriage; that her husband died before her father, leaving her with eight children; that, though her circumstances were greatly depressed, yet she

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lived continually upon trust, never doubting that all would come out well at last; and she had lived to see her best expectations in regard to the present world not only fulfilled, but greatly exceeded. She spoke with the utmost gratitude of the kindness of Providence in having placed her in such pleasant circumstances in her old age. Besides what she had earned by teaching, she had a thousand pounds left to her as a legacy, by "an angelic young lady" from Ireland, formerly under her care. The whole amount of the legacy was five thousand pounds; but, owing to the aversion of the family to pay it, she had taken up with what they were pleased to offer. In addition to this, she had a hundred pounds annually, settled upon her by Sir William Grant, a remote relative; a hundred from the widow's fund, (being the widow of a clergyman of the Established Church;) nearly a hundred more in consequence of her husband having been a chaplain in the army; and still another hundred from government. She expressed a strong wish that the property might do good after she had done with it. Some five-and-twenty years before, there was a prize of a golden medal, or twenty guineas, offered for the best Essay on the state of the Highlands. Happening to be familiar with the subject, and to have a little leisure, she determined to write for the prize; and she gained it. And as she was not at that time overflowing with guineas, she preferred the guineas to the medal, though they gave her a silver medal in

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addition, which she showed me. She also gave *me* a medal, on which were struck the figures of the King and Queen, to remind me of her, as she said, when the ocean should roll between us; but I little needed any such remembrancer.

Mrs. Grant was the warm friend of Sir Walter Scott, and considered him as, in many respects, a model man. She said that he was very simple-hearted and benevolent; and that a clergyman, who had been with him some days previous to his setting out on his last journey, assured her that his religious views were quite evangelical, and the frame of his mind very serious. She was also very intimately acquainted with Bishop Porteus, whose portrait she showed me, it having been presented to her by his widow. She was once invited by the Bishop to pass five days at his house, the time being thus limited, because his house was to be filled by the Irish Bishops, who were coming to celebrate the birthday of George the Third. She told me that her first edition of "Letters from the Mountains" had in it a good deal that was playful, though, of course, nothing that was irreverent; that good Bishop Porteus wanted to make a *good* book of it—which it was never intended to be; that he and some pious nobleman (I have forgotten his name) occupied themselves a day or two in going carefully over the first edition, and cutting out considerable portions of it, in order to make it more serious, that, on account of her great respect for the Bishop, she

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published a second edition, with his proposed omissions; and that when Murray the bookseller proposed to her, some time after, to reprint the original edition, she could not find a copy of it, though she sent for it in every direction. She told me that her correspondence was still very large, and every morning after breakfast she occupied herself in writing one or two letters; and that she found she could not pass a day with any comfort, unless she had some degree of mental exercise.

This remarkable old lady lived a year or two at least after my visit to her, and wrote me two or three kind letters. I love to think of her in all her masculine dignity, with her great stores of knowledge, her fine powers of conversation, and her overflowing good humour and benevolence. Her name can ne er be lost out of the history of her country.

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XXXVI.

I HAD had some epistolary acquaintance with Dr. CHALMERS before I saw him, and, therefore, did not meet him quite as a stranger. He gave me the warmest welcome, and did it in the broadest Scotch. It is not necessary to say how he looked, for his face has become now almost as well known in this country as Washington's; but his appearance was a great deal more youthful and vigorous than I had expected; and I was not a little amused to find him bursting into an expression of astonishment that I was not at least as old as himself. I told him that I had but a few moments to spend with him then; and we at once made an agreement that I should come over to Burnt Island, his country residence, distant seven miles, and pass a day with him; and he remarked, that we could see more of each other there in one day, than in two or three weeks at his house in Edinburgh. He took from his pocket a letter from Philadelphia,

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and showed me the postscript, in which the writer had requested him to direct his answer to him, as "Honourable F——— W———," &c., and asked me if I knew the person. Upon my saying that I did not, he said he supposed that he must be a member of Congress, from his having the title *Honourable.* I told him *that* did not prove it; as that title was given to many others beside members of Congress; to which he replied, with great good nature—"Then the appetite of human nature for titles does sometimes break out, even among *you*, republican as you are." The question of slavery having been incidentally referred to, he gave me, in a few words, the outline of a plan for emancipation, the idea of which he took from Humboldt's account of slavery among the Spaniards—the principle of which is, that the slave, by having a certain part of each week allowed him, is to purchase his own freedom. He had proposed the same plan some years before to Lord Brougham; and, though Brougham complimented him for it, and professed to think it very ingenious and beautiful, yet, on account of the power of public opinion, as Dr. Chalmers supposed, he never ventured to propose it to the British nation.

A few mornings after this first interview with the Doctor, I set out to go to Burnt Island, to pass the day with him. I walked to New Haven, a miserable suburb of Edinburgh, distant a mile or two from the centre of the town, in expectation of taking the boat to cross the Frith of Forth, at ten o'clock,

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agreeably to what I understood to be Dr. Chalmers' direction; but when I reached the wharf, I found that I was one hour too early. I embarked at eleven, and, the day being fine, had a delightful sail across the river. On our approaching the shore, the small boat came out to meet the steamboat; but as I happened, at the moment of its departure, to be in the cabin, I lost the opportunity of going ashore with the rest, though the boat returned for me after they had landed. As I came near the landing-place, I saw Dr. Chalmers with his little daughter, waiting for me on the shore; and one of the boatmen told me he had been looking out for me a long time. He gave me another cordial Scotch welcome, and when I told him that I understood him to say that the boat came at ten, he said that he meant that she *arrived* at ten—as it was her arrival in which he was most interested; but he should be more particular in his directions to his friends hereafter.

I walked with the Doctor immediately to his house—a two-story stone building, at the east end of the village, which he had then lately purchased, and which commanded a beautiful view of both land and water. I found but part of his family—three daughters only—Mrs. Chalmers and the other daughters being expected over in the afternoon. After sitting a while, and taking a little lunch, the Doctor proposed a walk; and he and his daughter Grace—an intelligent and agreeable young lady,

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who has died within the last year or two—and myself took a stroll over the hill in the rear of the village, where we enjoyed one of the most extended and beautiful views in the whole region. The Doctor soon mounted his hobby—the subject of Church establishments; and though it was by no means a favourite subject with me—for I had been surfeited with it, on one side or the other, from the time I had entered Scotland—yet I was glad to hear *him* talk about anything; and he discussed this with such fervid eloquence, that I quite forgot that I would as soon have heard him talk about something else. He recognized an important distinction between external and internal voluntaryism; the latter, that is, where the poor are left to provide religious instruction for themselves, he thought would never avail; the former, that is, where persons volunteer to bestow their property for the benefit of the lower classes, he heartily approved; and this he considered the true principle of a Church establishment—precisely that which is recognized by every missionary society. He said that a certain distinguished American clergyman who had been in Edinburgh not long before, made a speech at some meeting, in which he spoke of Church establishments with great severity; but that when this clergyman breakfasted with him, a few mornings after, and heard *his* views of them, he greatly lowered his tone of condemnation, and even went so far as to say that he had little or no objection to his

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theory.* I believe Dr. Chalmers perceived that I did not manifest any great enthusiasm on the subject, and he soon changed the conversation, remarking at the same time, that he doubted not that I had heard enough of it, and that he had not intended to trouble me with it at all.

A good deal of our conversation had reference to distinguished individuals, with most of whom Dr. Chalmers had been personally conversant. Of President Edwards, the elder, he spoke with unbounded reverence and admiration, and remarked that he had a manuscript sermon of his, sent him by Dr. Sereno E. Dwight, which he valued above anything in his collection of autographs; but he still thought that Edwards had pressed the notion of disinterested benevolence too far; that he considered his statement of this subject in his work on "The Affections" particularly unfortunate, as the Apostle has said in so many words, "We love Him, *because* He first loved us." On the whole, he thought Dr. Balfour, of Glasgow, had about hit the truth when he said, that "our love to God begins in gratitude, but it does not end there." He asked me if Edwards had any propensity to the ludicrous. I told him my impression was, that he was quite the opposite of that. He

* As my excellent friend Dr. Cox has done me the honour to connect my name somewhat jocosely with *his* very interesting reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, I trust he will consider it only a matter of brotherly reciprocity—as *my* turn for writing reminiscences has now come—that I should state that it was *he* to whom the Doctor gave so much credit for docility in listening to his expositions of the Church and State question.

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said he had supposed so; and yet he never could read his book on Original Sin without an irrepressible disposition to laugh; that he pursued his argument against Taylor to the greatest length; that he was not contented to throw him into the dirt, but gave him a regular kicking and thrashing after he had got him there. He thought it a great proof of the soundness of the revival with which Edwards was connected, that such sermons as his on Justification should have been heard with such profound attention. He spoke of Bishop Butler as holding nearly the same place as a philosophical Christian that Edwards did as an evangelical one—he thought it was hardly power that Butler possessed, but an admirable soundness, clearness, and simplicity of design. He pronounced Robert Hall more Johnsonian in his conversation than any man he ever knew; but with all his admiration for his intellectual character, he placed him, in point of original powers, below John Foster. He told the story, which I had heard before, of one of Hall's parishioners coming to him to object to his preaching as not discriminatingly evangelical, and especially as having too little in it of the doctrine of predestination—to which Hall replied, "You believe that doctrine, do you, Sir?" "Yes, Sir," said the parishioner; "indeed I do." "And so do I," answered Hall; "I believe you were predestinated to be a fool, and you have made your calling and election sure." Foster's Life of Hall he considered as one of the finest specimens

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of biography in the English language, and one of Foster's most admirable productions. He observed that there was a most unfortunate discrepancy between Foster's taste and talents; that his taste led him to preach to the poorest classes of society, but that he entirely shot over their heads, and had actually preached away two or three congregations.

I happened to mention the name of Rowland Hill, and the Doctor immediately said, with great enthusiasm, that he considered him as one of the noblest spirits of the last generation; and then added that, as he was passing by his country residence in England, Rowland happening to know that he was to be in the coach, met him, and took him immediately to his house, where he had provided a magnificent breakfast for him; and at the end of twenty minutes conducted him back to the coach, and in parting with him, gave him a most affectionate benediction, which impressed him very greatly. He spoke in terms of high respect of Dr. Miller, and said that he was accustomed to recommend his book on "The Eldership" to his students, as the very best book on the subject; Dr. Alexander's work on "The Evidences," and his work on "The Canon," also, he thought very important contributions to that department of the literature of the age. He spoke of Dr. Mason as possessing superlative talents, and said that in 1817 he heard him deliver a speech in Freemasons' Hall, London, which was characterized by eloquence that he had rarely known surpassed.

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He mentioned several works with great interest; and among them Winslow's Sermons on the "Trinity," Dr. Edward Williams' book on "Divine Sovereignty," and Peter Edwards' work on "Baptism," which last he considered as the most comprehensive and effective argument on the subject of baptism that he had ever met with.

He gave me some account of his habits of study, and particularly of writing and preaching. He said he could never think to advantage till he had taken his pen; that he was accustomed to do much of his writing in the morning in bed; that he awoke about five o'clock, and partly sitting up and partly lying down, took his pen and ink, and in that fine, luxurious posture, wrote in short-hand. I suppose, however, that this early use of his pen was, to some extent, a matter of necessity with him; as he told me that the number of his calls in a day, when he was in Edinburgh, sometimes ran up to nearly forty. His manner of preaching, he said, was reading almost entirely, though he occasionally threw an extemporaneous sentence into a written sermon. His difficulty in extemporizing was, that he felt all the time that he was not making it strong enough, and dwelt too long upon a thought; and, when he had advanced twenty minutes in the time, he had not advanced more than five in his subject. He adverted to the early part of his ministry, during which he had a great idea of distinguishing himself in science, and particularly in mathematics; and he gave me

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a volume of his miscellaneous tracts, in which was one written at that early period, which he said he was almost ashamed to let pass out of his hands. He spoke with great interest of the state of religion in America, and expressed the belief that, in the better parts of the United States, there was more serious religion than there was in Scotland. He regretted the tendencies to extravagance in the Temperance cause, of which he had heard, and told a story in that connexion that he had had from somebody a day or two before. Some person had, by some means, swallowed something in which he understood there was a small quantity of whiskey, and he flew into an apothecary's shop for an emetic; and when the apothecary gave it to him, and told him he thought *that* would relieve his stomach, he said that it was not his stomach but his conscience that he wished to relieve. The Doctor said he was not himself a member of the Temperance Society, but he was not at all opposed to it, as many of the Scotch clergy were, on the ground of its being oppressive in its claims. He expressed great regret that the Dissenters manifested what he thought a very unreasonable hostility to the Establishment; but he added that the country owed a great deal to them, and he thought their distinct existence quite essential to the perfection of the system. He spoke of Wilberforce with the utmost veneration, and stated that he had twenty-six letters from him which, until within a very recent period, had been in the hands of his biographer.

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Dr. Chalmers remarked that, through the power of association, he often felt much like a boy, though he was then past sixty; that he remembered the time when he used to look upon a woman of thirty-six as very old; and he often found himself making a similar calculation still. He said it had been a sort of day-dream with him that, if he were to have a green old age, he might come to America for a few months, and mentioned the route he would like to take, which was chiefly through the Northern States; though he would like to go as far West as Pittsburg, which, by a slight geographical mistake, he located near the mouth of the Missouri. But he then thought it improbable that he should ever cross the ocean, unless there should be a general breaking up of the Establishment, and everything else in Great Britain, and then he might fly with his family to America to find an asylum.

I asked Dr. Chalmers his opinion of Edward Irving. He replied that he had no doubt that he was a truly godly man; and he attributed his extraordinary and erratic course, not to affectation, as some had done, but to a very peculiar conformation of mind. He told me that he himself chose him as his assistant at Glasgow; and while he delighted a few, he disgusted the mass; that the market was not wide enough in Scotland for such wares as he dealt in; that, after going to London, the great mass of the intelligent population passed before him, and a large and respectable portion were detained; and

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that if he had not fallen into such revolting extravagances, he would have been eminently useful. He considered him as having had a truly noble soul; and when Lord Calthorpe applied to him for his opinion of Irving, previous to his subscribing in aid of the building of his church, his reply was, that he was "a fine specimen of the evangelical engrafted upon the old Roman." The last time Dr. Chalmers saw Irving, Irving told him that he could not part with him without prayer, and he actually prayed with him, and with great apparent devotion. He acknowledged that he was indebted to his writings for some new views of prophecy, and thought the millenarian system was at least entitled to a fair examination. He adverted again to the plan which he had proposed for abolishing slavery in the colonies; and when I asked him why it was not acted upon by the British Parliament, he replied that great bodies move slow at first, but when they begin to move, they go with great rapidity; that the popular cry was for the immediate abolition of slavery, and Parliament could not resist it.

The Doctor expressed great gratification from the visits he had had from many American clergymen; and I was struck with the fact that, in several cases, he had formed a very correct opinion of their characters, from seeing them an hour or two. He remarked that he had a very bad memory for names and faces; that he had a page in his memorandum-book devoted to Americans, and he regretted that he did

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not bring his book along with him, that he might have inquired more particularly for some whose acquaintance he had been happy in making.

Mrs. Chalmers came with her daughters late in the afternoon, and we all took tea with a Mrs. Young, a relative, I think, of the Doctor, agreeably to an engagement which he had made in the morning. Mrs. Chalmers was very lady-like in her manners and appearance, and received me with the utmost cordiality. After tea I took leave of the whole circle, and the Doctor accompanied me to the boat with many expressions of good will, urging me to come and spend another day with him, if possible. After I had parted with him, and the boat was under weigh, he lingered on the shore till we were getting beyond speaking distance, when we exchanged another and a last farewell. I look back to the day I spent on Burnt Island as one of the greenest spots on a journey of more than half a century.

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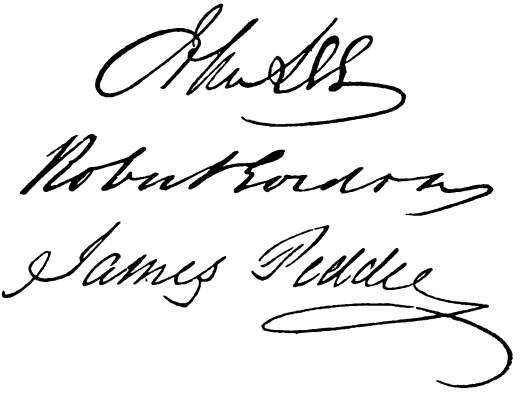
XXXVII.



DR. LEE, at the time I saw him, seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and was then the pastor of a church in Edinburgh, though it was not many years after that he became Principal of the University, in place—if I mistake not—of Dr. Baird. I found him very gentlemanly and every way obliging, and had the pleasure of making not only his own acquaintance, but that of his family. I heard him uniformly spoken of with great respect, especially as a man of learning, and I inferred that he had somewhat more distinction as a scholar than a preacher; though I understood that his discourses were always sensible and instructive. He was con-

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sidered one of the greatest antiquaries in Scotland. He showed me his immense library; but, unfortunately, it was just then in a thoroughly chaotic state, scattered over the floor, or piled up in heaps, so that I could form little idea of what it was, except in regard to its extent and its antiquity. Among his books were some, I think, that had been owned by John Knox, and that bore the autograph of that lion-hearted giant of a man.

After I had dined with a small but very agreeable party at Dr. Lee's, we went, according to a previous arrangement, to attend a meeting of the Royal Society, which was held in a splendid hall, near the corner of Prince's street. We were a little behind the time; and when we went in, a certain learned Professor was reading a paper on the siege of Syracuse, the object of which, as nearly as I could understand it, was to show that the account given of it by Thucydides is somewhat doubtful, as it is at variance with some other authorities. One of the gentlemen who accompanied me pronounced it the most stupid paper he had ever heard read before the Society, and I heard nobody speak of it in terms of commendation. He was followed by Professor Forbes, who extemporized for an hour on the polarization of light and heat, illustrating some of his positions by splendid experiments. He was then a very young man, and was thought a worthy successor to the celebrated Leslie, who had died not long before. Dr. Lee introduced me to him at the

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close of the meeting, and I found him altogether an unassuming and agreeable person. He mentioned with great respect the names of several of our distinguished men of science in this country, with two or three of whom he was in habits of correspondence. I was introduced also to several other men of distinguished name, with some of whom I had an opportunity afterwards to form an agreeable acquaintance.

Of Dr. GORDON I had, of course, heard much on this side of the water; but I had become more specially interested in him from hearing him greatly eulogized by one of his particular friends, whom I met in Paris, and who had beguiled some of my hours of bodily indisposition, by reading aloud for my benefit several of his printed sermons. It was this same friend who had given me a letter to him, and the Doctor did not fail duly to honour it. He called to see me shortly after receiving it, and offered me every kindness. I found him a tall, spare man, of an intelligent face and Roman nose, mild in his manners, and extremely interesting in his conversation. He had a somewhat pallid countenance, and his whole appearance indicated rather feeble health. He was not, on the one hand, so earnest and fluent a talker as some I have heard; nor, on the other, was there any undue precision or formality in the style of his conversation; but there was an admirable appropriateness and finish about

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it that made it altogether exceedingly attractive. Whatever the subject might be, you felt that he spoke from a thoroughly furnished mind. He talked about slavery with great good sense and moderation. He, in common with almost every other person whom I met, especially in the Established Church, reprobated George Thompson's mission to this country, as an outrage upon decorum, and as likely to be productive of nothing but mischief. He expressed the opinion that nothing but immediate emancipation would have done for Great Britain, though he confessed he trembled when the crisis came; but he thought the state of the case in America was so very different, as manifestly to require that a different course should be pursued. I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Gordon preach. It was in the High church in Edinburgh—the same in which Dr. Blair, Principal Robertson, Robert Walker, and many other distinguished men, had officiated before him. It was on the evening of a Communion Sabbath, and the service had special reference to the peculiar solemnities of the day. The audience was very large, the old church being filled to its utmost capacity. Directly in front of the pulpit sat two or three clergymen, the most noticeable of whom was Principal Baird, a venerable, but heavy-looking man—heavy both in his body, and in the expression of his countenance, and showing, by his whole appearance, that his race was nearly run. He had the reputation of being a sensible, worthy man, but I

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believe his ecclesiastical sympathies were pretty decidedly with the moderates. Dr. Gordon's appearance, as he stood dressed in his canonicals, was uncommonly imposing—indeed, I have rarely seen a more dignified form, or a more impressive face, in the pulpit, than his. His voice was uncommonly well adapted to public speaking—full, melodious, every way agreeable. He looked like a man of God, who felt that he was charged with an important message, and that there was life or death in what he had to say. His discourse was on the resurrection of Jesus—the text was, "He is not here; He is risen, as He said." It was evidently the result of much elaboration, and was characterized in a high degree by abstract and profound thought; though I confess it seemed to me quite out of the reach of the common mind, and not particularly adapted to follow up the sacramental service. I must frankly say, that the sermon, especially as taken in connexion with the occasion, disappointed me. However able and ingenious it might have been, it was too philosophical, in my view, to be brought so near to the Lord's table. I ought to say, that my friend, who accompanied me to the church, protested against Dr. Gordon's being judged as a preacher by that effort, and assured me that, among the many sermons he had heard from him, he had never heard one which approached so near to a failure as that. I was told by George Combe, the phrenologist, that he had it from Dr. Gordon

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himself, that when he was intensely engaged in thought, his pulse, instead of rising, would sink, and his extremities become cold, so that there were sometimes what might be taken for symptoms of approaching death.

I had a most agreeable interview with old DR. PEDDIE, who was then regarded not only as a father, but a patriarch, in the United Secession Church. He was a fine, large, well-built man, and united in his manners great dignity with great simplicity and affability. He remembered Logan, the author of the sermons which have been so much celebrated, and was familiar with the sad details of his history—he was one of the most gifted minds, and one of the most popular preachers in Scotland, but finally sunk into disgrace, ecclesiastically, and died in obscurity. Dr. Peddie remembered Logan's father better than himself; as he used often to see him at Haddington, in the congregation of the celebrated John Brown, under whom Dr. Peddie studied. He spoke of John Brown with great reverence and affection. He said that he died when he was but little more than sixty, and that his constitution broke down prematurely under excessive labour; that, during the first year of his ministry, besides preaching regularly on the Sabbath, and performing an immense amount of pastoral duty, he read through a Universal History, consisting of twenty large volumes, and reduced them to six volumes of manu-

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script. He stated that his manner in the pulpit was extreme.y awkward; but that his matter was so interesting that his awkwardness was easily overlooked. His sons, it seems, though they all became eminently useful men, and nearly all of them distinguished clergymen, were, in their youth, not particularly noted for gravity. On one occasion, one of them, knowing that his mother had made a chicken-pie for dinner, when she expected some company to dine with them, carefully took out the inside of the pie, and substituted grass in its place. When the pie came to be brought upon the table, his mother, on cutting it, discovered the trick that had been played; and, as she cast an indignant look at the son whom she suspected of the roguery—"O," said he, "mother, that's according to Scripture; we read that 'all flesh is as grass.'" Dr. Peddie kindly asked me to come and pass some time with him; and the brief interview with him that I had, increased my regret at not being able to accept his obliging invitation.

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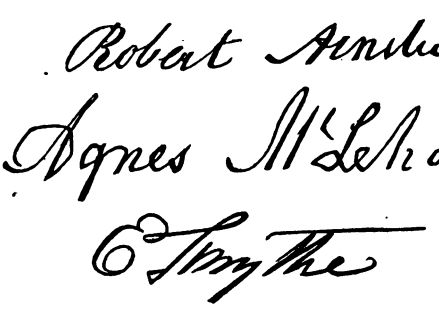
XXXVIII.

(BURNS' FRIENDS.)



IT happened that one of the first persons with whom I became acquainted in Edinburgh was ROBERT AINSLEE, a barrister, of between seventy and eighty years of age, who was the author of a highly respectable religious work, entitled "Reasons of the Hope that is in us." He had been one of Burns' most intimate friends, and was one of the very few who then survived. He was a man of very considerable intelligence, and of great good nature, though perhaps his highest attraction consisted in his being a relic of another generation, and especially a friend and favourite of Burns. From my first introduction to him, he manifested a disposition to show me every kindness, and during my whole stay in Edinburgh

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he lost no opportunity of contributing to my gratification.

The most remarkable thing that I heard about the old gentleman had respect to his matrimonial history. It seemed that he had been twice married, and, in the first case particularly, there had been a touch of the romantic. The circumstances of the first marriage, as they were communicated to me, were these: As the young lady whom he ultimately married was going into the country under the care of a married man, the individual who accompanied her fell so desperately in love with her that he proposed to her an elopement, even at the expense of leaving his own family. The girl was frightened out of her wits, and immediately wrote home to Edinburgh an account of what had occurred. Mr. Ainslee was sent out by her father to take charge of her, and he, too, became fascinated by her charms, and forthwith offered himself to her, and was accepted; upon which, before Mr. Ainslee had left the house, the guilty lover, in accordance with a threat which he had previously made, blew out his own brains.

Mr. Ainslee was full of anecdotes concerning Burns, and, though he evidently cherished his memory with great affection, he showed that he was fully sensible of his manifold infirmities and errors, while yet he thought great allowance was to be made for him in consideration of the circumstances in which he was placed, and the period at which he lived. He told me that, at one time, he had not less than fifty

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of Burns' letters addressed to himself; but that, on a certain occasion, he had a large number of gentlemen supping with him, and he gave each of them one of these letters as a memorial; and to Sir Walter Scott, who was one of the party, he gave the original, with Burns' corrections, of Tam O'Shanter, which Sir Walter afterwards got elegantly bound. One of his friends told me that, while he was, for the most part, proud of his intimacy with Burns, he did not like to be associated with him in his feats of dissipation; and that, not long before, he was present at a dinner party, where some one jocosely drank the health of Mr. Ainslee, speaking of him as "the friend of Burns, and his companion at the bottle;" and the old gentleman, instead of treating it as a joke, resented it as a high insult.

Mr. Ainslee had been associated with many other men of distinguished name, beside Burns. He knew well Dr. Blair, Principal Robertson, Dr. Ferguson, and many others of the same school, and had treasured many interesting anecdotes illustrative of their characters. He gave me the history of his own family, some parts of which were very affecting. Out of eleven children he had only two left; and three of them, who were considerably advanced, were cut off in a month. But he seemed to recognize the hand of Providence in his afflictions, and expressed the hope that they had served to increase both his spirituality and his usefulness. He was a member of Dr. (now Principal) Lee's church; but, I take it, that

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he belonged decidedly to the moderate party. His book, of which I have already spoken, shows a well-disciplined mind, and much well-matured thought upon the evidences of Christianity.

He expressed a wish to introduce to me another of Burns' friends, and a lady of no small celebrity in her way, whose name had sometimes—though unjustly, he said—been coupled with that of Burns in the way of reproach. It was no other than Mrs. M'LEHOSE, known as Burns' "CLARINDA." She was then seventy-six years old, and lived nearly at the top of Calton Hill. I was the more disposed to accept of Mr. Ainslee's kind offer to introduce me to her, as I ascertained that she was the grand-daughter of the celebrated Maclaurin of Glasgow, who wrote the famous sermon on "Glorying in the Cross." Accordingly we set out one morning, and, after a long walk, and a very steep ascent, reached the dwelling of Mrs. M'Lehose. We found her living in a very plain way, possessing her faculties in a good degree of vigour, and talking such intolerably broad Scotch that I could often only conjecture what she had said. She had been a fine-looking woman, and still carried with her a good deal of faded beauty. I very soon began to make inquiries about her grandfather; but found that it was to little purpose, as he had died a year or two before she was born; and her mother had died when she herself was so young that she did not remember ever to have heard her speak of him. Much as she venerated his mem-

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ory she said that she had no memorial of him except his printed sermons; and she was not aware that there was anything else in existence. When she spoke of her mother she wept, and said that her highest recommendation was that she was an eminently godly woman.

There was hanging in her room an original portrait of Burns, which was considered one of the best, if not the very best, that had ever been taken. It was indeed an exquisite picture. She and Mr. Ainslee both looked at it, and talked about the original with considerable apparent emotion. They seemed to be reminded by the long period which had elapsed since his death that the grave would soon be ready for *them*. The old lady made some very serious remarks, and I was glad to learn, from an unquestionable source, that her affections centered much upon objects and interests beyond this world.

I learned from Mr. Ainslee that Mrs. M'Lehose had a fine poetical taste, and had written some things of a high order. By his request she attempted to repeat some verses which she had composed on the anniversary of his marriage; and, as they did not readily come to her remembrance, she got a manuscript volume, and read them to us; and, at the same time, read another beautiful piece, entitled "The Linnet"—the first that she ever wrote. She said that she was sitting under a tree, and a linnet came singing around her, and a sort of flash of inspiration came over her, by which she made the verses referred

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to with perfect ease. I asked her, as a particular favour, to transcribe them for me; and before I left Edinburgh I had a fair copy of them written with her own trembling hand. She requested me to give her my name and residence on a piece of paper, to be transferred to her memorandum-book. She had one son, an only child, who lived in her immediate neighbourhood. I understood that it was intended that a volume of her poems should be published after her death; but whether the purpose has ever been carried out, I do not know.

The other of Burns' friends, to whom I had the honour of an introduction, was MRS. SMYTHE, of Methven. I do not know her name before marriage, but she was one of the most celebrated beauties in Scotland, and drew from Burns, who knew her intimately, I believe more than one poetical effusion in honour of her superior attractions. She must have been then verging towards seventy, but the rose upon her cheek had scarcely begun to fade. She had much more to recommend her than her personal beauty, or the fact of her having attracted the attention of Burns—she was a highly intelligent and devout Christian. Though her circumstances had carried her into the highest circles of society, and had made her familiar with fashionable life, she lived habitually in the fear of God—lived "as seeing Him who is invisible." I dined at her house, where I met several gentlemen of the highest respectability.

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These three friends of Burns have since all passed away. Though they survived many years their illustrious but erratic and unfortunate friend, to whose name chiefly they owed their celebrity, they have at last followed him into the world unseen. I am not sure whether any of the living witnesses to his strange career, especially any who were on terms of intimacy with him, still survive.

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XXXIX.

Dr Abercrombie

AND

Dr Chalmers

I DID not meet Dr. ABERCROMBIE quite as a stranger; for I had exchanged a letter or two with him, and had received an act of kindness from him, previous to my going to Edinburgh. But I did not know, after all, what sort of a man I should find. I knew, indeed, that he was a great man, and a good man; but whether his greatness or his goodness was to be the more apparent—whether I was to be more impressed by the philosopher, or the Christian, or the friend, I had no means of forming a conjecture.

Well, I found in him a beautiful sample of simplicity, humility, and true dignity. In his person he was rather short and thick; was perfectly bland and courteous in his manners; had a countenance indicating great thoughtfulness, and yet expressive of an exuberance of generous feeling. He made

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me feel at home the moment that I had shaken hands with him. He had lost his wife not long before—a lady of the rarest intellectual and moral qualities, and the family were still in mourning for her. He had seven daughters, all unmarried, and all at home; ranging from perhaps five or six to one or two-and-twenty years of age; and I may venture to say, on this side the water, that I have never seen a greater amount of female loveliness in any family. One of them has since been married, and death has made one or two inroads upon the circle; but several of them still remain, and until very lately they have been occupants of the same dwelling in which I had the pleasure of seeing them.

I saw Dr. Abercrombie, during my brief stay in Edinburgh, several times, both at his own house, and in social circles to which I was invited. I always found him unassuming, affable, and communicative. On one occasion he talked a good deal about Edward Irving. He seemed to have watched his career with no small degree of interest from early life; and though he feared that he had, to some extent, acted a part, yet he also believed that he was constitutionally unlike other people, and that we ought charitably to impute to this a large part of the strange things with which he was chargeable. Dr. Abercrombie knew him, or knew of him, as a school-master, and while he was a young man; and he was said to have practised extreme severity towards his pupils, and, in one instance, to have

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nearly pulled off a child's ear. The Doctor presented me with several of his own works, and among others was a small one of a religious character, which had then passed through five editions, and in respect to which, he said, he could state a very remarkable fact—namely, that it had been much praised by Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Quakers. When I expressed some surprise that he could have written so extensively for the press, and upon subjects not immediately connected with his profession, he told me that nearly all his books had been written as he was riding in his carriage; and that, from long habit, he could think to much better advantage in his carriage than any where else. He asked me if I knew who was the writer of various articles in the *New York Observer*, signed "M. S." I told him that it was a particular friend of mine—the late Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore. He replied that he had been quite delighted with the articles, and he doubted whether there was a more gifted or attractive writer then on the stage. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he treated me while I remained in Edinburgh, or the affectionate manner in which he took leave of me. I received several letters from him after my return, and I still think of him as one of the choicest specimens of humanity.

I had a letter to Dr. ALISON from Miss Edgeworth, that introduced me into one of the most

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cultivated and agreeable circles in Edinburgh. Dr. Alison is the son of the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, who is the author of the work on "Taste," and also of a volume of sermons on the "Seasons," and other kindred subjects, which used to be in great repute as a specimen of beautiful writing. I was much in hopes of being able to see the old gentleman; but he was too infirm to see any body, though he sent me a kind message, and his daughter gave me an engraving of him, which was said to be a very perfect likeness. Dr. Alison is the brother of the celebrated historian, and was—and, I suppose, still is—a Professor in the Medical Department of the University of Edinburgh. He is truly a splendid man—splendid in his person, his manners, and his intellect. Though he was perfectly accessible, there was a sort of natural nobility about him, that could scarcely fail to command both respect and admiration. His wife was the daughter of the late Dr. James Gregory, one of the greatest medical lights of Scotland, and the grand-daughter of another Dr. Gregory, who wrote the famous "Legacy to a Daughter." Mrs. Alison joined to the finest talents and accomplishments, the most gentle and benevolent spirit, and was equally admired and loved by all who knew her. After the death of her father-in-law, the Rev. A. Alison, she wrote me a long and beautiful letter, giving me a minute account of his latter days, and representing to me with great vividness the uncommon grace and loveliness of his

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character. Within the last year or two, she has closed her own earthly career.

I met a delightful party at Dr. Alison's at breakfast. Besides several very agreeable ladies, there was Sir David Brewster, to whom I shall refer more particularly hereafter; Sir William Hamilton—short, rather thick, of a dark complexion, and fine eye, a little retiring in his manner, but very sociable when he becomes engaged in conversation; the Rev. J. Sinclair, an Episcopal clergyman—a son of the late Sir John Sinclair, and brother of the celebrated authoress—of gentlemanly manners, and cultivated mind; Leonard Horner, a man of a remarkably fine intellect, and brother to the late Francis Horner, who died young, but not till he had attained great eminence; and Professor Pillans, a most agreeable and interesting person, from whom I received great kindness. After we had despatched George Thompson and the slavery question, (and I still found myself among reasonable people,) Dr. Alison and some other of the gentlemen made particular inquiries in respect to our colleges, and especially in regard to the manner of conferring degrees; and I shrewdly suspected that, if they had spoken out all that was in their minds, they would have adverted to the fact, that we were too disinterested to keep all our honours at home. There was quite a vigorous discussion at the breakfast-table on the subject of quack medicines, as they exist in the United States, and particularly of Morrison's pills; and Mr. Horner

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expressed the opinion, that there should be a direct interference of the Legislature in reference to it, while Dr. Alison doubted its practicability. Sir William Hamilton had many inquiries to make concerning Professor Stuart, with whose character and writings he seemed to be well acquainted; and expressed the opinion, that the system of doctrine which he had put forth in his Commentaries was certainly not more than a modified form of Calvinism. I inferred, however, from what he said, that he was by no means wanting in respect for Professor Stuart's talents and attainments.

The Alison family, like the family of Dr. Abercrombie, was apparently a perfect specimen of taste, and dignity, and refinement. They had many curiosities to exhibit, and, among them, one or two very curious letters of Robert Burns, addressed to their father, the Rev. Mr. Alison. I think of them most gratefully as they were; but if I should return to Edinburgh now, I should find that sad changes had come over them.

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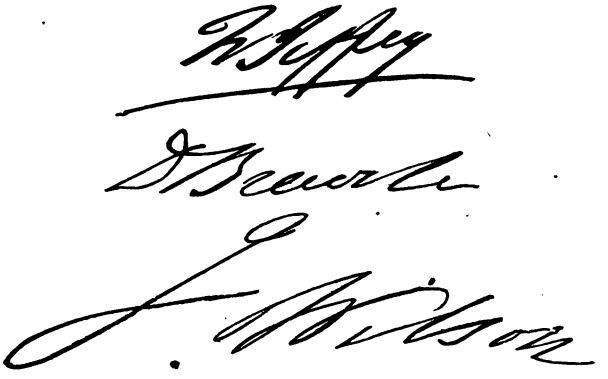
XL.



I HAD a letter of introduction to Lord JEFFREY, from Mrs. Opie, and I found that I could not have visited him under better auspices. I had heard, upon what I supposed was good authority, that he had no great partiality for Americans, and was sometimes even lacking in courtesy towards them; and hence I should not have been disappointed, if, even with Mrs. Opie's letter, I had not realized the most cordial reception. However, I could scarcely have been received by anybody with greater kindness. He met me with such a free and whole-souled air, that I almost felt as if he might have mistaken me for some person whom he had seen before. This, however, was not the case; and I could only ac-

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count for his very gracious manner by supposing that his regard for Mrs. Opie had predisposed him to be kind towards anybody whom she might introduce to him.

Jeffrey was a small man, of an uncommonly lively expression of countenance, and extremely rapid in his movements, and fluent in his conversation. He was, at that time, I understood, a little turned of sixty, but he might easily have been mistaken for a much younger man. I was exceedingly struck with his graceful and admirable speaking of English—it was so perfect, so entirely free from any distinctive accent, that I could not even have guessed where he had been born or educated; though he was really a native of Scotland, and received his education at one of the English Universities.

I was scarcely seated with him before we were talking about slavery, a subject which, by that time, had become absolutely loathsome to me, having had to discuss, or rather to expound it, morning, noon, and night, for several weeks. However, I had no fault to find with Lord Jeffrey in relation to it, as his views were most enlightened and liberal. He referred to an article which had then recently appeared in the Edinburgh Review, which he thought was very sound and sober. He expressed the confident conviction that the blacks are inferior to the whites in original powers; and he said he had come to that conclusion from the fact, that under every variety of circumstances in which they had been placed, both in an-

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cient and modern times, their inferiority had been apparent.

I accepted an invitation to dine with Lord Jeffrey, and had the pleasure of meeting at dinner several very interesting persons, among whom was Lord Moncrieff, son of the late Sir Harry Moncrieff Wellwood, who was for a long time one of the most distinguished clergymen of Edinburgh. He was a most gentlemanly man, of a fine, open countenance, and very entertaining in conversation. Mrs. Jeffrey, with whom I now became acquainted, was an American lady—Miss Wilkes, of New York—and seemed a very plain, sensible, benevolent woman. As Mrs. Opie and her Quakerism happened to be spoken of in the course of the conversation, the Quaker language, and especially the frequent use of *thee* as the nominative instead of *thou*, became the topic for a few moments. Lord Jeffrey accounted for it on the same principle that he accounted for the fact that children are so much inclined to put *me* for *I*—that is, that the personal pronoun is so much more frequently used in government than in any other way. He expressed a very high opinion of the character and talents of Chancellor Kent, and a very low opinion of the wisdom that had ordained that the chancellors and judges in the State of New York should leave their office at the age of sixty; and he added that it was not uncommon there for judges to be *appointed* after that age. At the dinner-table, whiskey was not only used as a drink after the common

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mode, but discussed as a topic; and the opinion was expressed that the use of it was increasing rather than diminishing in Scotland. Jeffrey spoke of the horrors of the whiskey-houses in London; and mentioned that they had pretty little glasses, on a counter just high enough for young children to reach, and everything necessary to attract the little creatures into these haunts of moral death. I confess my temperance principles got to work pretty vigorously, and I could not but query with myself, even in the presence of the whiskey-bottle, whether it might not be a good service rendered to humanity, to discard altogether the use of what was evidently producing so much misery.

I was introduced to Sir DAVID BREWSTER, well known as one of the most scientific men of the age, by Dr. Lee, at the breaking up of the meeting of the Royal Society. The residence of Sir David was in the Highlands, and I understood that it was a rare thing that he visited Edinburgh; but, fortunately for me, he happened to be there at that time. He was of about the middle height, but a little inclined to be stout, and had a face in which benignity and intelligence were delightfully blended. His manners were as simple as childhood itself, while yet they had all the grace and polish that one looks for in the most refined society. We had just been listening to the paper (referred to in a former number) on the siege of Syracuse; and almost

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the first thing that Sir David said to me was, that he hoped I understood Greek better than he did; for if I did not, he was sure that I must have found the paper very unedifying.

I had the pleasure of meeting Sir David several times after this, and, at each successive interview, I became more deeply impressed by his admirable qualities. I was gratified to find, what I had not known before, that he possessed a very decided Christian character—indeed, he was a licentiate in the Church of Scotland, and had formerly exercised his functions as a preacher; but for twenty years had been so excessively nervous, that he not only could not preach, but could not read one of his own papers before the Royal Society. He had been reading, not long before, some of the writings of Jacob Abbott; and he inquired with great interest concerning him, and did not hesitate to say that he knew not a more attractive writer. He inquired whether there was any poetry in the account which he had given of the revival in Amherst College; and when I told him that I supposed not, he said it was indeed a most remarkable work, and asked if such scenes as he had described were common in America; and his inquiries were evidently dictated, not merely by a spirit of curiosity, but by a deep religious interest in the subject. I met him one morning at breakfast with several other gentlemen, when the conversation turned upon the choice of a new Professor of Logic in the Univer-

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sity of Edinburgh; and one of the gentlemen present alluded to the fact that there had been some attempts made to secure the election of the author of the *History of Natural Enthusiasm*, and several other works, the authorship of which had not then been avowed. All, however, agreed that this was preposterous, as the writer had evidently been much secluded from society, and would, on that account, be quite unfit for the place. Sir David suggested that it might turn out, if they were to choose him in the dark, that they had chosen a woman; and he thought the best way would be to strip off his mask, and let him run awhile in broad daylight before they should take any decisive measures towards the appointment. When it was suggested that the author of the mysterious publications was the brother of the Misses Taylor, who had written so much and so well, Sir David said that he presumed then that the books were written by his sisters, so that he was not so much out of the way in what he had said about the woman. He, however, maintained that the books, whoever might have written them, were far from sustaining any claim on the part of the author to the Logic chair; for he said they were to him almost unintelligible—he had honestly tried to read them, and to find out the author's meaning, but had absolutely given up in despair. There was a difference of opinion as to the real author of the works, some having heard them attributed to John Foster, and others to An-

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drew Reed; but the more common opinion was that they were the productions of Isaac Taylor. Sir David spoke most respectfully of Professor Silliman, whom I think he had never seen but once, though he knew him by correspondence, and regarded his *Journal of Science* as decidedly one of the ablest scientific publications of the day. Sir David Brewster married the daughter of the celebrated Macpherson, who compiled, edited, or, for aught I know, composed, the poems of Ossian.

I had the pleasure of passing an evening with Professor WILSON, and as I was introduced by Mrs. Grant, for whom he had the highest veneration, I could not have asked for a more hearty welcome than I received from him. He was then in his full vigour, though he happened that evening to be labouring under some slight indisposition—perhaps the headache. He was somewhat above the middle stature, had a strongly-marked face, and talked on every subject that came up with rapidity and point. He treated the ultra anti-slavery men with very little ceremony, and condemned unsparingly the rash measures they were trying to carry. He seemed familiar with the prominent literary men in this country, and had a definite and well-matured opinion in respect to many of them. Washington Irving he considered as quite a model of good taste. Cooper, he said, had far more genius than taste, and he dashed along, mixing up the good and the bad to-

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gether, at a strange rate. He seemed a remarkably whole-souled, genial sort of a man, though if I had been set to guess what was his professorship, it is doubtful whether I should have hit upon moral philosophy.

I cannot, in justice to my own feelings, close my reminiscences of the great and good people whom I saw at Edinburgh, without mentioning the name of Dr. THOMAS MURRAY, whose guest I had the honour to be, and to whose extensive knowledge, large acquaintance, and obliging attentions, I was indebted in no small degree for the pleasure of my visit. He had been for many years an eminent teacher, and was the author of several small, but very interesting works He had in his possession the papers of the celebrated Dr. Murray, author of the "History of the European Languages;" and he actually gave me a copy of that great work in the author's hand-writing, which is now in the library of Harvard College.

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XLI.

Thomas Dick

AS I had not only long been familiar with Dr. DICK'S works, but had had the pleasure of a correspondence with him for several years, it was my purpose to visit him from the time that I had determined to go to Scotland. Accordingly, I went from Edinburgh to Dundee by coach, and was there met by Dr. Dick's son-in-law, who had come, by request of the Doctor, to take me to Broughty Ferry, distant about four miles.

Broughty Ferry is a small village, of very mean appearance, and I should suppose that its chief attraction lay in the fact that Dr. Dick resides there. His dwelling, however, was not immediately in the village, but about a quarter of a mile in the rear of it, on a beautiful eminence, which overlooked Dundee and a large tract of the adjacent country. As we came within sight of the house, Mr. M., his son-in-law, told me that the Doctor was upon the look-out for us, and he knew that we were on the way, for he perceived that his window was thrown up; and as we approached the gate, he came running

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out with the activity of a boy, and gave me one of the most affectionate greetings I ever had from anybody. He immediately introduced me to Mrs. Dick, and she scarcely fell behind her husband in demonstrations of good will. She was the daughter of a celebrated clergyman, Dr. Young, of Hawick. She had been married to Dr. Dick but five or six years, but had before been married to a Mr. Davidson, a famous lecturer on Chemistry, who, in consequence of an explosion that took place in connection with some chemical experiment, while he was lecturing in Ireland, was regarded as an astrologer, and had measured out to him by the ignorance and superstition of the poor Irish, a pretty severe retribution. Mrs. Dick herself was much engaged in philosophical pursuits, and in her appearance was not unlike Maria Edgeworth. She had, two or three years before, attempted to lift something which was an overmatch for her strength, and from that time had lost the use of one arm altogether.

Doctor Dick's house was a small, neat building, and the grounds around were laid out and ornamented with exquisite taste. I found him in person rather below the middle size, though well proportioned, with a face and manner well becoming a "Christian Philosopher." He had formerly been a settled minister in the United Secession Church, and had very considerable popularity as a preacher. He was subsequently for ten years the teacher of a school at Perth, but from the time he came to

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Broughty Ferry, he had been engaged exclusively in making books and cultivating his grounds; though he occasionally delivered scientific lectures, and now and then preached for a brother minister in the neighbourhood. I found his conversation marked by very much the same characteristics with his books. Though he seemed to be truly evangelical in his views, he dwelt more upon the philosophy of religion, and especially the connexion of religion with science, than upon those generally admitted truths which we are accustomed to identify with the life and power of Christianity. His heart was in Heaven—I doubt not in more senses than one—his telescope and observatory witnessed to his love of the visible heavens, as truly as his Bible and his closet could have done to the invisible. I know not that he has ever claimed the honour of any new astronomical discoveries; but he certainly deserves the honour of giving additional attraction to the discoveries of others, and of rendering them eminently subservient to the interests of true religion. He seemed to me to possess, in a very uncommon degree, the spirit of an enlarged philanthropy. He considered that knowledge is essentially diffusive—that no man or body of men have a right to appropriate it exclusively; but that it is a debt which every one owes to the common humanity, that he should extend the circle of useful knowledge as far as he can, taking care, at the same time, that diffusion is not at the expense of thoroughness and accuracy.

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Dr. Dick seemed to be quite rich in philosophical apparatus, and in the morning, after breakfast, he amused me by taking me upon his observatory, and setting me to look at various objects through both the telescope and the microscope. We walked for awhile over his grounds, and then ascended a hill a little way off, from which he pointed out to me the dwelling of Thomas Erskine, the author of the work on Faith, &c., who was, just at that time, as I understood, rather a conspicuous follower of Edward Irving. We also walked into the village, and on our way went to an ancient tower, now in ruins, the origin of which lies back beyond all tradition.

Having spent the principal part of the day with Dr. Dick, I bade him and his family farewell some time in the afternoon, and took the steamboat for Edinburgh, where I arrived the same evening. It was an exceedingly interesting day to me, and, after the lapse of nearly nineteen years, I can bring the venerable man and his household before me almost as vividly as ever.

It has been a matter of great regret with Dr. Dick's friends, that after he has contributed so largely to the benefit of his generation, and of posterity, he should be subjected, in his old age, to pecuniary straits and embarrassments. It is not so much philanthropy as simple justice, that should be appealed to for his relief; and if I am correctly informed, such an appeal has already been made, and not without some success. I regretted to notice that

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an application lately made to the government in his behalf, for a pension, had failed.

Some three or four years ago, a paragraph went the rounds of our papers, stating that Dr. Dick had closed his mortal career. I owed him a letter at that time, which, of course, I never expected to be able to pay. Indeed, I should have written a letter of condolence to his widow, but that the wife whom I saw was dead, and he had subsequently married another. I had thought of him only as prosecuting his noble researches in brighter worlds, when, after many months, I was assured by a friend that Dr. Dick was still living, and in the enjoyment of his usual health. I wrote immediately to inquire if he was really extant, and he answered me at once by a long and agreeable letter, assuring me that he was still a dweller upon the earth, and that his mission did not yet seem to be quite accomplished. He must be a little more than eighty; but his handwriting betrays nothing of the tremulousness of old age.

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XLII.

AS it was part of my plan to visit the North of England, I had taken a letter of introduction to SOUTHEY, from one of his intimate friends in London, and in due time I was fortunate enough to reach the place of his residence, and find him at home. Indeed, I had taken the precaution to write to him, while I was in Edinburgh, to ascertain whether he would be at home at the time when it would be most convenient to me to visit Keswick; and had received an affirmative answer, together with a very kind wish expressed that I would fulfil my purpose.

Accordingly, having passed the Sabbath in Durham, I went to Penrith by coach on Monday, and the next morning, by private conveyance, to Keswick, distant eighteen miles. The morning was beautiful, the country romantic, and everything in connexion with the ride as I could have wished, except an exceedingly stupid boy, who was sent to be my driver

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and guide, and who had scarcely taken a degree in talking beyond monosyllables. We reached Keswick at half-past nine—a small, ugly town, beautifully situated among the hills, with a charming lake lying directly before it. Having been directed to Southey's residence, which was a few minutes' walk out of the village, I set out to make my way thither; and on inquiring of some person more particularly which was his dwelling, I was told that *that* was Mr. Southey then passing into a shop just before me. I instantly followed him, and introduced myself by referring to his letter, which had reached me at Edinburgh; and he received me with great simplicity and kindness, and immediately took me home with him. His house stood on ground considerably elevated, was surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and the situation, on the whole, was quite enchanting. As we came up to the door, he pointed to a beautiful grass-plat on the right, which he said he called his "quarter deck." The man himself, who was the great object of interest with me, was rather above the middle stature; slender and graceful in his form; of dark complexion, and dark eyes; with his hair almost bushy, and pretty far advanced towards gray; with a countenance generally sedate, but easily lighted up with a smile; and reminding me a good deal, in his general appearance, of my friend Mr. Finley Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, though he was considerably above Mr. Morse's stature.

I found him exceedingly communicative, and he

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volunteered to give me a good deal of his personal history, parts of which I took care to preserve. He informed me that he was a native of Bristol, and that his father was a linen-draper there; that it was his early intention to have spent his days in Portugal, where his uncle was chaplain to the British factory; that he had actually, at different times, spent nearly two years there, but that he was discouraged from carrying out his original purpose to reside there permanently, by the political state of things at that period. At the time I saw him he was sixty-two years old, and had occupied the spot where he then resided thirty-three years. It was formerly Wordsworth's residence, and he was attracted thither by coming to make Wordsworth a visit. He once had the ophthalmia for a short time, but he soon recovered from it, and at the age of sixty-two he could see to read the smallest print, and write the smallest hand, without spectacles. He remarked that time had dealt very gently with him; and, as an evidence of it, stated that he could, with great ease, walk from twenty to thirty miles a day; and that whenever he made one of his pedestrian excursions alone, he always had his book in hand, and could easily walk at the rate of three miles an hour, and read without interruption. No longer ago than the week before, he said that he had scrambled all over the adjacent mountain. When I spoke of the great degree of seclusion incident to the place, he said it was fortunate for him that there was so little

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good society around him, as it left him with so much the more time to devote to his books.

He gave me a most touching account of his domestic afflictions. He had had eight children, of whom only four then survived. His eldest son, who died at the age of ten, was a youth of remarkable promise, and he said that if it had pleased God to spare him, he would have taken *his* place in all respects; that he was almost idolatrously devoted to his books, and the last thing he did, so long as he could sit up in his bed, was to call for his Homer. Of his surviving children, one was preparing for Oxford; and of the remaining three, who were daughters, one was married to a clergyman of great worth, and the other two were young ladies of fine accomplishments, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make. His wife, for the two years preceding, had been deranged; and though for some time he had confident hopes of her recovery, he had then relinquished *all* hope. He supposed that the malady might possibly have been averted if he had known the danger in season, though she passed very suddenly from extreme depression to absolute madness. The first evening after her return from the Insane Retreat at York, she sat down between her daughters, and related to them, with perfect correctness, everything that had occurred to her during her absence; and they all thought her quite well; but it was only a gleam of reason owing to the excitement produced by her coming home. Her derangement

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immediately returned, and had continued without any decided abatement or interruption; though she was, for the most part, quiet, and always chose to remain in the same place. Towards evening every day she had a short interval that approached somewhat to the lucid, but never for a moment had the full possession of her faculties. He spoke of the affliction as sometimes bringing a dreadful burden upon his spirits, but he recognized the hand of Providence apparently with devout and quiet submission.

He had a good deal to say about distinguished characters on both sides of the water; and he remarked that he almost thought he knew more people in Boston than in any town in England. The first whom he saw was Professor Everett, whom he remembered as a very striking man, some twenty years before. Since that, he had seen Dr. Channing, whom, from some remarks he made to him, he judged to be an Arian in his theological views; Professor Palfrey, who, he said, was very near being drowned in coming to him in the coach; Mrs. Brooks, of Boston, whose poetry (Bride of Sevens) he considered a work of great power, and destined to emerge from its present comparative obscurity; Dr. Dewey, some of whose sermons he thought very beautiful; Professor Ticknor, Mr. Cogswell, &c. He had never seen Buckminster, but he expressed the greatest admiration for his sermons, and seemed to wonder that it was so long before there was a British edition of them. Of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, whose acquaintance he

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thought I was very fortunate in having made, he spoke in terms of no measured respect, and remarked that her book, containing her early recollections of Albany, was one of the most exquisite things he had ever read, depicting a state of society in the highest degree interesting. Campbell, the poet, he had never seen but once; but he considered him an unhappy man—not so much an unbeliever as a *miso-Christian.* Tom Moore he had also seen but once; and he said that, so far as he knew his character, he was amiable and harmless in his domestic relations, notwithstanding all that he had written that might lead one to suppose the contrary; that he (Moore) boasted not long before at some public meeting, that he had now reached such an age that he felt at perfect liberty to speak out his mind on any subject; "but," said Southey, "when he was a young man, he wrote as licentiously as he pleased; in middle life he wrote as libellously as he pleased; and in the decline of life he has written as treasonably as he pleased; and I do not see what he wants more." Rogers and Bowles, the two oldest of the British poets, he considered as being very amiable and excellent characters. Scotland, he thought, had then lately lost her most striking man in Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd); and when I mentioned that I had heard that Hogg aped Burns in some of his most prominent characteristics, he said that he could scarcely think it possible; that he once spent three days with him, (the only time he ever saw him,) and

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he thought him then quite free from affectation. He showed me a volume containing the original letters of Cowper, the poet, to John Newton, and directed my attention particularly to the fact that there was a great change in his handwriting after he was overtaken by his mental malady; that, whereas before, his hand was very free, he afterwards evidently wrote *literatim*—taking his pen up at every letter. He spoke of John Wesley with great interest, and remembered, when he was a child, to have seen him twice—once as he was coming down a flight of stairs with his mother, Wesley met him, and laid his hands upon his head.

In our conversation about Buckminster, I adverted to the singular impression which his father is said to have had in respect to his death; and I immediately found that Southey was no unbeliever in preternatural impressions and appearances. He told me the following story, and quoted Mrs. Hannah More as his authority:—A person connected with the cathedral at Bristol, by the name of *Love*, and who was just on the eve of being married, dreamed that, in looking over the register of deaths in the cathedral, he saw his own name at the bottom of the list. He was somewhat alarmed by it, and his mother still more. Shortly after, he dreamed that in a corner of the cathedral, near the cloister, he saw a monument with his own name upon it. A few nights after, as he was returning from a visit to the young lady to whom he was engaged, he came

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into the house, pale, and almost breathless; and, upon being asked what was the matter, he replied that on his way home he had witnessed a very strange spectacle—several men bearing a coffin, covered with red morocco and brass nails; and what chiefly alarmed him was, that they had brought it into that house! They immediately sent out to inquire if any person living in that street had just died, and they found that none had. They then sent to every undertaker to inquire whether any of them had furnished a coffin that night, and it was ascertained that none had been furnished. Shortly after the poor fellow became suddenly ill, and after a few days died. They had great difficulty, for some time, in finding a place in the cathedral where he could be buried; but they found, at length, one vacant place, and it proved to be in the very corner where, in his dream, he had seen his monument. And when the coffin came, it turned out that the undertaker, an eccentric man, without having received any such directions, and merely from a wish to testify his respect for the family, had had the coffin covered with red morocco and brass nails. Southey assured me that he had not the least doubt of these facts, and that the monument of the young man was still to be seen in the cathedral. I understood him that the event had occurred just about forty years before. As another illustration of his being somewhat open to the wonderful, I may mention that he read me a letter from a friend, containing a remarkable story

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that was told by a fortune-teller to John Cowper, brother of the poet, in which his whole future life was laid open to him while he was yet very young.

Southey informed me that he had long since given up being a poet, and that he had scarcely written ten lines of poetry during the preceding ten years; that he had three works before him which he wished much to accomplish—namely, a History of Portugal, at least two-thirds of which he had already written; a History of the Monastic Orders; and a History of English Literature, from the period at which Wharton left the History of Poetry. His idea of the History of the Monastic Orders was conceived from having lived in Portugal, and witnessed the blasting influence of the Roman Catholic religion. He said that he had been urged to write the history of the period of *our* Revolution, and that the idea was suggested in consequence of his having endeavoured to procure access for Mr. Sparks to the papers pertaining to that period in the public offices at London; but that he had already so many things in hand that he could not even consider the proposal.

He spoke in terms of strong reprobation of what he called the fanaticism of the anti-slavery party in Great Britain, and remarked that there was a species of slavery existing among themselves, incomparably worse than negro slavery, over which their pseudo-philanthropists were content to slumber—namely, the condition of the children in cotton factories; not less than two hundred and forty thou-

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sand being thus employed in a way that was characterized by the grossest cruelty. He read me part of a work in the form of a dialogue, which he had written on the subject. He said that he had no hesitation in saying that a West India plantation, compared with one of these cotton factories, was a garden of Eden; as he dwelt upon the subject I observed that his eyes filled with tears. He spoke of having just read Stone's work on Free Masonry, which he said was certainly an extraordinary production. Free Masonry, he thought, made no noise in Great Britain, though there was plenty of it on the Continent; and he remembered to have met some Prussian officers at Aix-la-Chapelle, who almost wrung his hands off, to find out whether he was a Mason.

Southey had a splendid library, consisting of somewhat more than ten thousand volumes, a large portion of which were in the different Continental languages. He said he could read the several languages in which they were written with perfect ease, but could never speak them, except in his dreams; and then he often spoke them fluently. After having shown me his library, and every thing about his place that he thought would interest me, he proposed that we should take a ramble; and he accordingly took me down to the lake (Darwin), and showed me the spot where he projected the most celebrated of his poems; then we ascended a beautiful hill in the rear of the town, which commanded

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a fine view of the whole surrounding country. Most of the time during this walk he was talking about his "dear boy," whom he had lost; and, though some years had elapsed from the time of the bereavement, I could see the heart of the father still rising in half-suppressed sobs, and sometimes overflowing in tears. I remained with him during nearly the whole day, leaving myself only time enough to return to Penrith before I slept. If I had been left to form my judgment of him merely from my own observation, I should still have pronounced him an exalted specimen of both genius and sensibility.

THE END.

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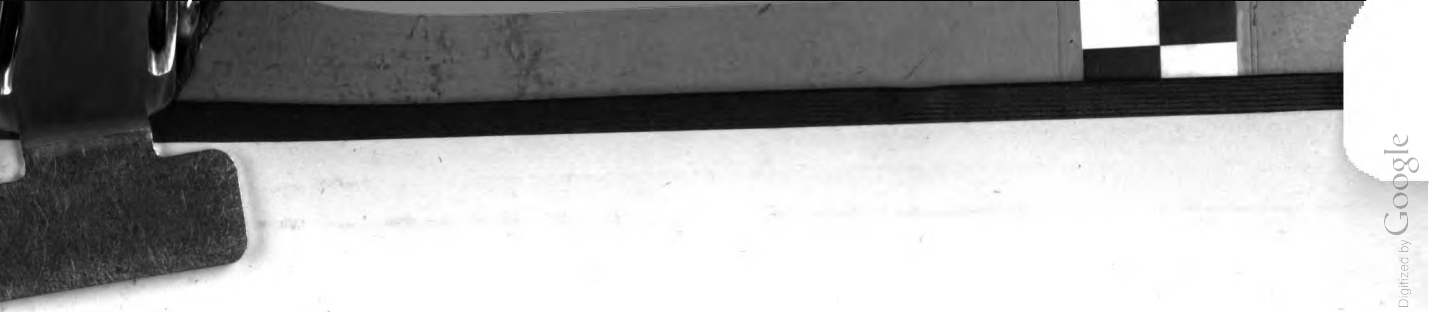

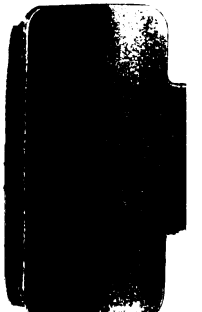

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